

Hugh MacLennan
James Bannerman
Barbara Moon

TALK TO
**DIEFENBAKER
& PEARSON**

Articles on: Princess Margaret & hockey's Pocket Rocket

MACLEAN'S

MARCH 29 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS



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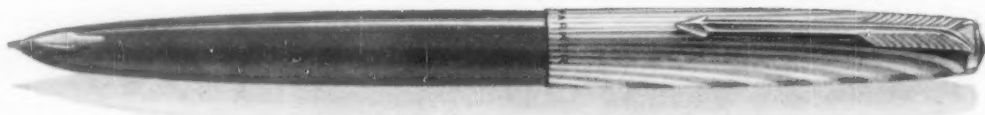
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PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Will Canada score a first in atom-gadget race?
- ✓ MPs scoff at sound—they'll keep Hansard

CANADA'S NOT IN THE SPUTNIK STEEPLECHASE, but there's a good chance we'll be the first to build an atomic clock. It's only a few months from completion, and Dr. S. N. Kalra of the National Research Council says we're ahead of the U. S. and probably Britain on the project. The clock will tell time practically on the dot of astronomical time, so you can forget the stars in computing exact time.

ESKIMO-STYLE CLOTHES are in such big demand at booming Frobisher in the Arctic, and hunting's so poor, that Eskimos are going into the garment business, with fabric made in Canadian mills, cut by Montreal garment makers and finally stitched by the natives. It's part of a federal-government plan to introduce Eskimos to commerce, since the white man's march north has destroyed many of their hunting grounds.



PREVIEWING TALENT: Montreal novelist **Suzanne Butler** is expected to hit the jackpot again with *Portrait in a North Light* (young girl marries artist, helps him to fame, loses him). She did it before with *My Pride, My Folly*. . . **Norman Kihl**, ex-ski instructor who first made his name on CBC's *Tabloid* before quitting in a policy feud, is headed for bigger things in New York. He's been testing for a five-a-week stint as emcee for NBC and also has a chance at

two large commercial assignments. . . **Marcel Dube**, whose *Au Temps des Lilas* (Lilac Time) will represent Canadian playwriting at the Brussels international fair, is being touted as French Canada's best playwright, high praise considering his mere 28 years.

ONE OF THE BIGGEST WEEDING JOBS this spring is almost certain to be in the crowded ranks of candidates for scholarships to be given by the Canada Council. The Council has \$800,000 to be parceled out to 400 individuals. It has already received 2,000 applications for it.

WHOEVER WINS THE ELECTION, what the parties have to say in the next House of Commons is going to be recorded in the same old way. After watching the Ontario legislature's unhappy trial with tape-recording speeches Commons experts agreed it was a flop and they'd stick with Hansard. The tape garbled some speeches; some speakers couldn't be identified. Hansard's 20 reporters, who take 200 words a minute without a skip, knew they'd win.

THE HEADACHE OF MIXED-UP SIZES in women's clothes may at last be cured in a way men have been suggesting for years. Instead of Size 12 dress, Size 34 sweater, "medium" T-shirt, all these different garments will be labeled in dress sizes only, according to the plans of some U. S. manufacturers. They'll start it this year and they can't imagine anyone objecting.

ELECTION FORECAST Pros and pundits muffed it the last time / Here's how the "amateurs" see it

SINCE THE POLLSTERS and pundits—none half so spectacularly as this magazine itself—all proved no better than amateurs at forecasting the last election, Maclean's decided to ask a number of self-acknowledged amateurs for their views on this one. Thirty people with no professional connection with politics or punditry were solicited for their guesses on the make-up of the next parliament. Quite a few took evasive action but some spoke boldly: **Sir Ernest MacMillan:** "The only sure seat is in the lap of the gods, but I'm willing to hazard a guess the PCs will return with an increased representation but no over-all majority."

Kate Aitken: "Conservatives will pick up three in B. C., two in Saskatchewan, one in Manitoba, two in Ontario, ten in Quebec. In the next house—Conservatives 135, Liberals 81, CCF 25, Social Credit 18, others 5." **Actress Toby Robins:** "A lot of Liberals didn't bother to vote last time, but they will this time, reversing the trend—Liberals 111, PCs 104." **Painter Jack Bush:** "PCs 125, Liberals 94, CCF 23, Social Credit 17." **Painter Tom Hodgson:** "Liberals 118, PCs 97." **Ballerina Celia Franca:** "Conservatives 142, Liberals 84, CCF 29, Social Credit 10."

NEW LAVAL-DUPLESSIS FEUD? WILL 5-MAN CRITIQUE STIR MAURICE'S IRE?

ALTHOUGH MOST faculty members tried prudently to stay out of the imbroglio between Premier Duplessis and striking students of five universities, an older feud between Duplessis and Laval University's faculty now shows signs of bursting into fresh heat. The reason is a literary broadside to be delivered at Quebec's leader and life in general by five Laval teachers in the April issue of the *University of Toronto Quarterly*.

In earlier altercations Duplessis had differed with some members of the faculty over social and labor questions. Again, on one contentious issue he threatened to withdraw provincial financial aid if the university accepted federal money (Laval backed down).

Duplessis is not the only target of the five Laval professors in their forthcoming articles. They deal with many forces and many figures inside their own province as well as outside; but if the hypersensitive Maurice runs true to form he'll still take it as an affront.

Here are the Laval men and some of the things they say: **Gérard Bergeron**

On Union Nationale: "Its fine majority (4 or 5 percent of the votes) is insecure. . . It is a man without a party. This is its strength and its weakness. The provincial Liberals are a party without a man. That is their weakness."



On Premier Duplessis: "He is an autocrat. He loves, thinks, wants to be what is strong. He is feared by all of his lieutenants from whom he does not hide that they are what they are because of him. He has been able to render ineffective all opposition including the Liberal opposition, which suffers obviously from an inferiority complex. Since 1948 he has reduced parliamentary procedure to a hollow pretense."

Arthur Maheux

On Quebec culture: "The poor position of French culture outside Quebec is the effect of tyranny. The same cry is heard today as in 1830: 'The country shall be English at the cost of being British.'"

On a Quebec nation: "There are groups working on it. Will they triumph? The answer is in the hands of the non-French. They may kill forever the idea of democracy unless they make it the expression of equality between the two groups."

Charles Bilodeau

On education: "Secondary education must be made available to all who are capable of receiving it. For a long time only a minority have been able to carry their schooling past elementary level."

Jean-C. Bonenfant

On literature: "French Canada has inspired only one important book, *Maria Chapdelaine*."

Gérard Dion

On labor: "Quebec labor leaders are neither better nor worse than those elsewhere. But they are too advanced for the members they lead."

OUR FUTURE YOUTH Too soft and too fat to move?

PHYSICAL FITNESS EXPERT Lloyd Percival, who startled Canadian parents by saying their children were developing "TV legs," is preparing another shock for them. His tests for muscular flexibility indicate that more than half of Canada's children are at least 90 solid hours of exercise short of being fit. Unless our physical habits, including TV watching, change radically, Percival made the startling (and only slightly tongue-in-cheek) prediction to Maclean's that three out of four youngsters in the next generation will be too weak and fat to walk around.

Percival ran a group of typical schoolchildren (6-12) through the Kraus-Webber test five years ago. It consists of such simple exercises as lying on the back, lifting legs stiff-kneed off the floor, touching toes; 42% failed. This year out of a similar group in the same district 55% failed. "Project that

and you'll see that by 1970 a quarter of our grade-school children won't really be fit to move."

Percival's latest findings stirred up a storm of interest. He was sought for nine radio and two TV shows. New York, London and Paris schools enquired about his tests. He got 5,000 letters from parents, many of them frantic, asking what they could do if their children had "TV legs."

"Change the family's habits of exercise," Percival replies. "In Canada our six-year-olds are fitter than nine-year-olds, which shows a fault in training. 'In Russia,' he adds significantly, '95% of children pass these tests.'"



Prophet Percival



Miss Canada



Sir Ernest

Will they show up the pros?

BACKSTAGE IN THE CAMPAIGN WITH BLAIR FRASER

Pearson likes tough questions—and has them



CALGARY
WHEN A REPORTER climbs aboard the Diefenbaker train the first person he meets is Fred Davis, the jovial photographer who has had charge of press arrangements on Conservative campaign vehicles in four elections. Black notebook in hand, Fred impales the newcomer with an Ancient Mariner's eye and says, "What's your number?" For one dollar the reporter may, and is expected to, record his guess of how many seats the Conservatives will win on March 31. At noon on April 1, all the money will go to the man who is nearest to right. He will have to spend it entertaining his less prophetic colleagues. But he will get more than his money's worth in I-Told-You-Sos.

Last year, if I remember rightly, the high guess that won the pool was ninety-six seats. This year the low guess, and the only one that predicts an actual reduction in Conservative strength is one hundred. All the rest are bets on Conservative gain, and they fall into three groups—a small one that looks to another stalemate, a large one for a slim but adequate Conservative majority, and another smaller group betting on a nationwide Conservative sweep.

Before Christmas I would have fought my ticket with Group Number One, for another stalemate—Conservatives still in office but with no majority. In February as the campaign began I was a Number Three man, calling a sweep. When I bought it, in fact, my number was the highest in Fred Davis's black book. That's a big enough change of mind in two months to warrant an explanation. It had nothing to do, this time, with the personal

campaigns of the two major-party leaders. So far as one can tell from a few meetings with each man, both are doing extremely well, though in sharply contrasting styles.

Lester Pearson has always been at his best with small meetings where his quiet, easy, conversational manner has full play. In this campaign he is developing a new skill, that of treating big meetings as if they were small ones. It can only be done up to a point—even Pearson couldn't make a *Kaslee-klatch* out of a rally in the Maple Leaf Gardens—but he talked in that informal style of his to about eight hundred people in Regina and made it one of the best meetings of his early campaign.

Most effective of all his techniques shows up in the question period after the main speech. He can use it to advantage with any audience up to a thousand. The tougher and more hostile the question, the better Pearson displays his talent for turning away wrath with a soft answer and he usually gets his biggest ovation from the question most obviously designed to knock him flat. Also, it makes the meeting much more fun for everybody, especially the press table.

Prime Minister Diefenbaker's forte, of course, is precisely the opposite. He is most at home with a big audience, the bigger and more enthusiastic the better, and big audiences have certainly been turning out for him in this campaign. His platform manner is quieter than in 1957, with less of the evangelical fever that caught so much notice last year. This is probably a good thing. The evangelism never was everybody's cup of tea, and those who did not like it are more impressed now than they

were last year. In the opinion of the reporters who have traveled farthest with them, both leaders are making headway and picking up uncommitted votes.

But the straws that seem to show a head wind for the Liberals were visible even before the campaign started. Some came into view at the Liberal convention in January. Maritimers, for instance, talked far less bravely in private than they did in public. Indeed even some of these professional Liberals were still angry at the late Liberal regime in Ottawa for its slow, smug, patronizing manner of dealing with Maritime problems and Maritime pleas for help.

Westerners were in the same mood—in January they had not forgotten the old Ottawa apathy to their wheat-storage problems, the refusal of cash advances, the brusqueness of C. D. Howe. Today with the campaign in full swing, of course, the western Liberals again sound loyal and full of fight, but only when they're talking to each other. Cut any individual out of a crowd and he will admit in four cases out of five that the optimism is as hollow as it looks. There are less than a dozen Liberal seats left between the Lakehead and the West Coast, and not one of them is counted as really safe.

And the Liberals are not the only party in trouble. The CCF in Saskatchewan is almost certain to lose two seats and it may lose several more to the Conservatives in John Diefenbaker's own home region. Social Credit in B.C., racked by provincial scandals, is in the heaviest weather of its short life; it could lose any fraction of its six seats there, and perhaps three or four in Alberta too.

But elections are won and lost in central Canada, the two big provinces that comprise nearly two thirds of all parliamentary constituencies. In Quebec and Ontario, the gravest symptom did not appear until long after the convention delegates had gone home. That symptom was the list of Liberal nominations, which came out by stages during February and early March.

Out of 260-odd Liberal candidates, no fewer than 122 are new men who did not run in 1957. Not one of the eight ministers defeated last June is trying for a comeback. Twenty-six other Liberal MPs who were casualties in 1957 are also bowing out for one reason or another, and half of these are in Ontario.

Worst of all for the Liberals, nineteen of their MPs who were not defeated last June but who were sitting members of the parliament just dissolved, have decided that now is the time to quit. Fifteen of these retirements are in Quebec. And two others are French-speaking MPs from other provinces.

That was one source of encouragement to those Conservatives who rely heavily on the band-wagon theory—the belief that Quebec will support any government actually in power. Another was the mood of Quebec Conservatives who gathered for Diefenbaker's big opening rally in Three Rivers.

From the point of view of staff work the meeting was in many ways a flop—badly organized, badly conducted and badly behaved. The prime minister's speech was delivered over a defective loud-speaker system to a crowd that didn't even pretend to listen. For one thing, everyone was too busy eating the food that finally arrived ten or fifteen minutes after Diefenbaker started talking. For another, it was a French-speaking crowd and he spoke for forty-five minutes in English.

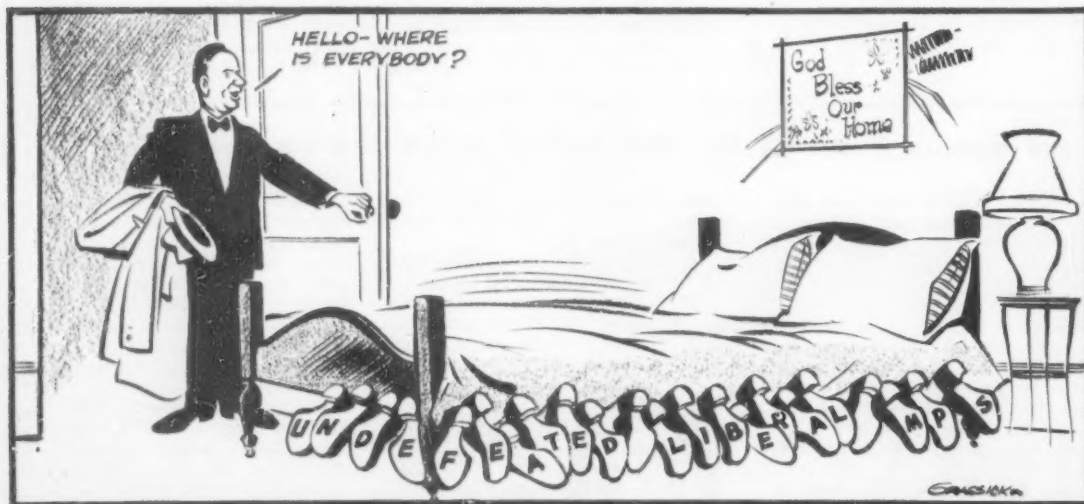
None of these things outweighed the obviously high morale, the exultation of the assembled Tory candidates and organizers. They were ecstatic. For the first time in sixty years they could get all the money they needed, all the candidates and workers they wanted, and the Liberals couldn't.

"The Liberals are in the spot we used to be in," said one veteran Bleu. "I remember when I used to be running, people would come in and say, 'You're a good guy, here's fifty dollars for your campaign.' I'd say, 'I don't need your money, but what I would like is your name on my nomination papers.' They'd back away. Oh no. They wouldn't sign. They didn't want to be known as Tories. Well, that's what's happening now to the Grits."

This sort of talk infuriates some French-speaking Liberals. They say it's a gross insult to Quebec, that it implies French Canadians are mere time-servers and opportunists, and in short that it's a damned lie. But one bilingual Liberal had another and more plausible theory.

"I think maybe last June Quebec didn't want to have another betrayal on its conscience like 1911, when Quebec turned against one of her own and has been feeling guilty ever since. So it stayed loyal to St. Laurent. But perhaps there was the same feeling underneath that loyalty as we found in the rest of the country, and this year, St. Laurent isn't there any more."

If that theory is sound, anything might happen. And that's why I put my dollar on a hundred and seventy seats for the Tories. ★



"Worst of all for the Liberals, nineteen MPs not defeated last June have decided it's time to quit."

BACKSTAGE WITH CANADA'S SCANDAL SHEETS

How they sell their sex and crime and who reads them

WITH THE FOLDING of the Montreal Herald six months ago, 40,000 people who used to buy the sprightly tabloid with its racy headlines and chatty columns have been left without their favorite kind of late-morning reading. Since then, however, rumors have been gathering steam that another tabloid, with little of the Herald's character and none of its respectability, is trying to take its place.

The paper is Midnight, a scandal sheet that unabashedly retails sex and violence while at the same time staying within the law and pretending to ignore the angry protests of church officials. In four years, coming out once a week, then twice, Midnight has built a circulation of 60,000. What it's looking for now is someone willing to print it daily. If it can do that, Midnight will be unique among a racy half-dozen sex-and-crime journals published once a week mainly

in Montreal and Toronto. They include Hush, Flash, Tab Confidential, Police Beat, Justice, Allo Police, not to mention smaller ones.

Most claim they make money—by a formula familiar to everyone who has seen them on the newsstands and has been assailed by headlines about the amorous carryings-on of the people they write about. Some do make considerable money for the assortment of ex-prize fighters, disk jockeys and newspapermen who turn them out. The largest is Flash with an audited circulation of 141,000.

What's not so well known about them is the special type of people they appeal to and to whom some of them offer a meeting place for various romantic purposes. A big revenue maker for most are lonely-hearts advertisements. Letter writers pay to have their messages printed and the papers charge again to pass their names on to



others. Tab Confidential runs a regular column for homosexuals, "the only one of its kind in the British Empire," says editor Joe Tensee. Justice runs articles and ads on flagellation which editor Darky Daniels, an ex-boxer, contends are not duplicated anywhere else. In Tab a Toronto call girl writes a revealing daily diary.

Outside of such columns most of the news comes from the criminal courts — "human-interest stuff," says Darky Daniels, "like sex, rape and marital troubles."

Who else reads these tabloids? "Ministers," says an editor of Flash. "They want to know where sin is and we tell them. Without it they'd be out of a job." Daniels claims psychiatrists read his paper "to get ideas." But they also have "a lot of upper-crust readers," according to Hush editor Tim O'Rourke. "They just won't admit it."—SIDNEY KATZ

Backstage WITH CURLING / Back-country game is crashing high society

ALMOST UNNOTICED, the once-humble sport of curling has crashed the social register with an impact that would jar the thrifty nature of Scots who first took it up because they could play for nothing on frozen ponds with rocks gathered on the hillsides. A few weeks ago a group of wealthy Canadians more familiar in executive suits went tartaned and tamed to New York, unlimbered brooms and skidded their rocks in the gilded atmosphere of Rockefeller Plaza as "curling missionaries." They made international news when blasé New Yorkers lined up five deep to watch them.

It was symptomatic of the new sophistication that has overtaken curling. It's still played under rusted iron roofs in frigid prairie rinks but, sweeping east, it's also moving into country-club surroundings and growing at a rate unmatched by

any other sport. There are 200,000 curlers in Canada compared with 60,000 ten years ago. They pay up to \$1,000 a year to curl in shining wood-and-glass buildings not faintly reminiscent of wind-shielded bales of hay and potbellied stoves of the game's beginnings. Instead of sneaking a drink from a pocket flask, many sit in steam-heated bars above the ice and sip cocktails brought by white-jacketed waiters.

For women of all ages curling is not only socially acceptable but smart. Thirty thousand now curl, giving a great fillip to the fashion industry. It's no longer a case of "throwing on any old thing to keep warm." They dress in expensive slack suits that may cost \$200.

Especially in the east curling is making it easier for golf and country clubs to operate. They're able to keep bars and dining rooms

going year round. The initial cost is high, however. Some rinks going up in the Toronto area cost \$250,000 to build.

"We're creating new architectural forms," says Toronto engineer William Hall who has become a specialist in curling rinks. Newest is a pay-as-you-go giant called Tam O'Shanter, described as the biggest curling rink in the world. It has 12 sheets and Toronto curlers will pay \$5 apiece for a game.

Curling is also having an effect on Canadians' drinking habits. Large clubs have provincial liquor licenses, some smaller ones banquet permits. "The bar bills, not membership fees, pay our way," says one club manager. "Also the women curlers. They come in droves to show off their outfits, have lunch, curl, have a few drinks. It's the biggest thing since golf."—FRANKLIN RUSSELL

Backstage WITH YOUTH

Kids not serious about schools? Not so! Here are subjects and careers they like

TODAY'S YOUTH is often accused of lack of enthusiasm for its own education. But Canadian teenagers are apparently much more interested than some of their elders suspect, according to the results of an opinion survey among some 1,200 high-school students to be published soon by Canadian High News.

Four out of five of these youngsters say they like high school; one in ten is lukewarm and only one in ten doesn't like school at all.

In listing the subjects they liked best the students tacitly sided with that school of educators which contends that the main job of public education is to prepare the student for earning a living. The boys showed a strong preference for mathematical and scientific subjects, girls for subjects leading to business careers. Both said they're not too much interested in so-called "frills"—physical education, dramatics, painting and music—that many educators insist are just as important as the three Rs.

There's not much difference between boys and girls in their liking for school. Here's how they answered the question: "Do you like school?"

	Boys	Girls	Total
Yes	78.9%	82%	80.5%
No	7.9	9	8.4
Fair	13.2	9	11.1

In their liking for subjects they differed widely:

	Boys	Girls	Boys	Girls
Mathematics	13.7	8.8	Science	9.9
History	9.1	7.9	Social studies	4.6
French	6.5	10.5	Typing	1.2
English	5.4	10.8	Algebra	4.5
Physical education	5.7	4.2	Chemistry	4.3

Here are the top choices in careers:

Boys	
Engineer	22.9%
Doctor, lawyer, dentist	10.2
Architect	6.3
Mechanic	3.8
Armed forces	3.5
Scientist	2.8
Teacher	2.5

Girls	
Clerical work	26.7%
Nursing	17.7
Teacher	14.8
Stewardess	5.2
Doctor, lawyer, dentist	3.3
Lab technician	1.8
Entertainer	1.5

About one student in four hasn't decided.



Background

U. S. IS OUR MEDICAL ANGEL

Although Canada's been taking most of the credit for Dr. Hans Selye's medical findings at University of Montreal the U. S. has been providing most of the cash. Ottawa's grant to Selye has been about \$30,000 a year, about the same as that of the U. S. army, but far below other U. S. agencies. Selye, pinched for funds for his efforts in heart disease (Maclean's, March 15) is looking for private backing.

WHAT! A TORY LAURIER?

Although most people in Quebec are hilariously aware that a Laurier (Henri, grand-nephew of Sir Wilfrid) is backing a Tory (Col. Pierre Sevigny) in the election, they don't expect his kinfolk to renounce him. The families have been friends since Sir Wilfrid led the

Liberals and Albert Sevigny, Pierre's father, followed Borden's Tory banner to become revenue minister.

YVON'S HOME TOWN MAKES GOOD



Prize-fight fans are getting a bang out of a new name on the map of New Brunswick issued by the province's tourist bureau. It's Baie Ste. Anne, and light-heavyweight contender Yvon Durelle literally put it there. It's his home town and mapmakers ignored it until Yvon began knocking over fighters. "A parish priest suggested we put the name on the map," said a tourist official. "He could have been a boxing enthusiast."

RADISSON FLUFFS HIS HISTORY

Youngsters watching pioneer Pierre Radisson on TV think he's not a bad hero, but they wish

film makers would get their history and props straight. When CBC asked for essays on TV shows here are some of the things the moppets pointed out: with Indians on the warpath there were billboards in the background; a CF-100 flitted past while Radisson blazed trail; the same bed of reeds appeared in water-edge shots "all the way from Nipissing to Montreal," protested one boy.

BOOTLEGGING IN WHEAT

On our wide wild prairies a really determined man has unlimited opportunities, especially in such spacious activities as rustling and bootlegging. This time it's different—wheat bootlegging. Farmers with surplus grain sell to grain-short farmers who sell to the elevators on their quota. It's illegal, but the Wheat Board doesn't often holler for a posse, especially when the bootlegged wheat is bartered for machinery or a car.

Editorial

Wanted at the summit: new concepts and new labels

What the Western world needs more than anything else—more than a bigger bomb, more than a speedier missile—is a new set of clichés.

When we talk of world affairs all our metaphors are military. Not only the speeches of Dulles and Eisenhower but any editorial or any luncheon address on foreign policy is full of words like cold war, economic weapons, political aggression. We talk of friendly nations as allies, uncommitted nations (scornfully) as neutrals, foreign aid as a weapon of political warfare.

That is one reason why foreign aid has done so little to win friends for the West in Asia, and why the modest Canadian program seems to have been more successful, because less obtrusive, than the larger American one. War, cold or hot, is a thing any sensible man avoids if he can. When economic aid is described by the donor as a weapon, it must appear to the recipient as a bribe. If he takes it anyway, as a hungry man may do, he takes it not with gratitude but with distrust, resentment and a certain shame. So conceived and so offered, foreign aid defeats its own purpose.

But that is only one drawback, and not the greatest, to our habit of thinking in military catch-phrases. By translating all world problems into cold-war platitudes, we make it difficult, in some cases impossible, to see these problems as they really are.

One example is the Arab-Israeli deadlock in the Middle East. Russia is trying with considerable success to add to our troubles there, but Communist agitation is not a primary cause of those troubles. They would exist, and would likely be no nearer cure, if the Czar were still on his throne in St. Petersburg. They are for the moment insoluble. All that can be done now, and perhaps in the whole lifetime of men now adult, is to try to keep a highly inflammable mixture from actual conflagration. We can't do even that if we insist on seeing, and reacting to, every development as the fruit of a Communist plot.

Nor can we hope to reach other goals even more important, so long as we think of policy as a continuation of war by other means. The most dangerous problem in the world is the unification of Germany. Until Germany is made whole again, a stable Europe is impossible. Germany cannot be made whole on terms that either side in the "cold war" can call a victory. Only by true negotiation, not propaganda warfare at the conference table, can this common interest of East and West be served.

But the deepest question of all has still to be asked: do we, the free nations of the West, really want a smashing victory in what we call the cold war?

The greatest victory imaginable at the moment would be the collapse of Communist China. This is not beyond the bounds of possibility—famine could do it or a major breakdown in China's current five-year plan. It would mean a terrible defeat for world communism. It would also mean starvation for millions, distress for hundreds of millions, a return to the anarchy and despair that has plagued China for more than a hundred years.

Do we really want this to happen?

If we don't we ought to stop talking as if we did. For the talk is losing friends for us everywhere. And we are losing other friends by talking continually as though the world falls into two camps, one of absolute good and the other of absolute evil, with no hope for either camp to endure except by a great catastrophe to the other.

Mailbag

- ✓ Should divorcees be screened before remarriage?
- ✓ What the Queen Mother saw in Vancouver
- ✓ Are the women to blame for our two worst wars?

H. L. Cartwright suggests (March 1): Grounds for Divorce — Two Years Apart, and I agree wholeheartedly. However I would like to go one step further and suggest that any divorced persons who wish to remarry should first be required to undergo an examination by qualified persons to determine if they are emotionally unstable, alcoholic or suffering from some mental disorder. If they are normal in these respects then let them remarry. Indeed it would be a great boon if these requirements would be deemed necessary for any marriage.—MRS. I. READ, EDMONTON.

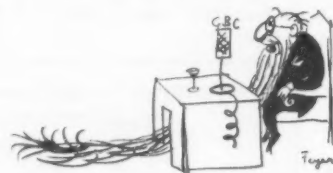
✓ Mankind did not create the idea of marriage, therefore our modern ideas on divorce are foolish. Mr. Cartwright, please go beyond the civil law of Rome to the laws of God your creator. God created male and female, the one for the other, in the eyes of God, NO DIVORCE.—REV. R. G. MATTHEWS, BEETON, ONT.

✓ As a happily married man may I say how thoroughly I agree with Cartwright.—A. L. NICHOLLS, VANCOUVER.

✓ Any more relaxation of grounds for divorce in Canada will jeopardize the foundations of our country. History proves that all political anarchy in the state begins with anarchy in marriage. If the social basis of Canadian society, namely marriage, becomes rotten, as it will if the grounds for divorce are made easier, our nation will become rotten.—REV. E. L. H. TAYLOR, TEMISKAMING, QUE.

James Bannerman? Gee whiz!

So that's James Bannerman! (Exactly Who Is James Bannerman? March 1). Gee whiz! I thought he was a dithering



old guy with a hot potato in his mouth who had earned his place in radio through sheer longevity.—OLIVE FULLER, COURTENAY, B.C.

How to look at Hastings

Yes, Hastings Street (March 1) is probably the ugliest street in Vancouver unless it is our Cordova Street. But the place from which to view Hastings and Cordova is not from Burnaby Mountain as Ray Gardner did but from Little Mountain, where they took the Queen Mother to view the Street. She thought it one of the most beautiful sights in the world. She could see nearly the whole city and locate the west end of Hastings Street by the Marine Building with its cake-frosting top, Stanley Park, Burrard Inlet and the North

Shore mountains.—EDMUND J. BOUGHEN, VANCOUVER.

✓ "Hastings" by Ray Gardner makes me think of a saying, "Two men look out through the same bars: one sees the mud, and one the stars." — D. KNIGHT, VANCOUVER.

Women run the world? Bah!

Regarding N. J. Berrill's argument (Feb. 15) that women should run the world—that's nonsense. We have had two big wars since women forgot to be ladies and got mixed up in politics.—CLAUDE LAFRENIERE, ST. CYRILLE, MAN.

✓ Dr. Berrill has an unquestionable right to his zoological opinion of women if he is a bachelor and seeks a change of life. But a familiar quotation



seems apropos: "... Don't nag me 3,000 miles away, but let me enjoy this war in peace..."—C. E. PEDERSEN, KANDAHAR, SASK.

Shooting of a train robber

I was interested in reading of the train robbery in the Crownest (Canada's Last Great Train Robbery, Feb. 15), for I was there within five minutes. I'm also the widow of Joseph H. Robertson, the justice of the peace who fired the shot that wounded Tom Basoff, one of the robbers. Basoff confirmed this in Lethbridge prison.

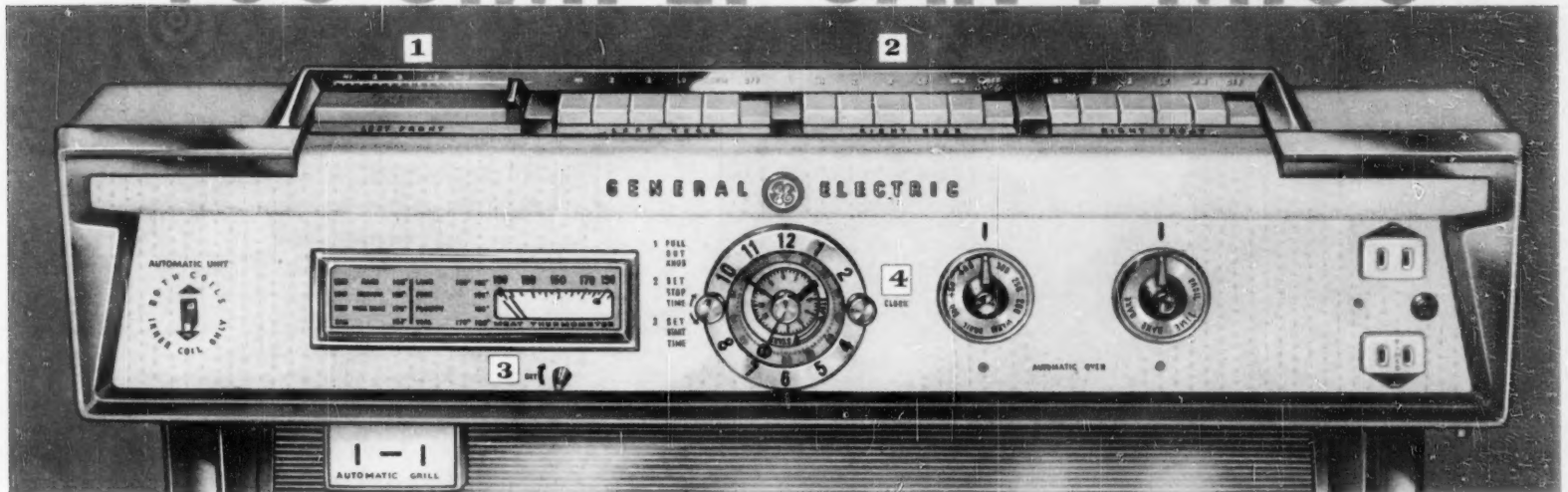
As to Nick Kislick planning to board and search a train (evidently while in motion) that is nonsense. Kislick was not a policeman, therefore had no warrant for searching a train or people.—MRS. H. A. ROBERTSON, VANCOUVER.

✓ Your flashback was greatly appreciated, since I happened to be one of the three newspapermen who covered the bandit hunt. The sequel to the case lay in the arrest some years later of Picarillo, the bootlegger whom the holdup men had been seeking when they held up the train. Picarillo, with his niece, drove up one evening to the door of the provincial constable in Coleman, called him out and shot him dead. Both he and the woman were arrested, tried and sentenced to hang. The sentence was carried out, the first case in Alberta history in which a woman has gone to the gallows.—COLIN GROFF, OTTAWA.

Superb story on Iroquois

The Day the Iroquois Flew (Feb. 1), by June Callwood, is a superb piece of writing and you are to be congratulated on printing it.—LESLIE MACFARLANE, MOUNT ROYAL, QUE. ★

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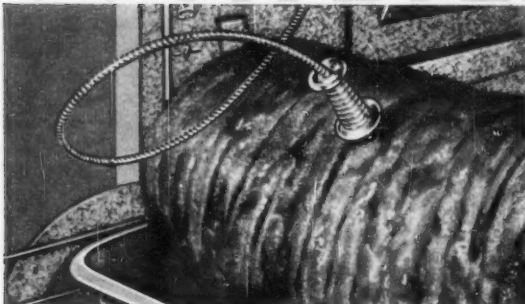
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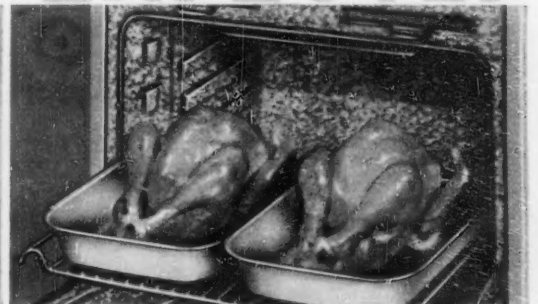
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The cover

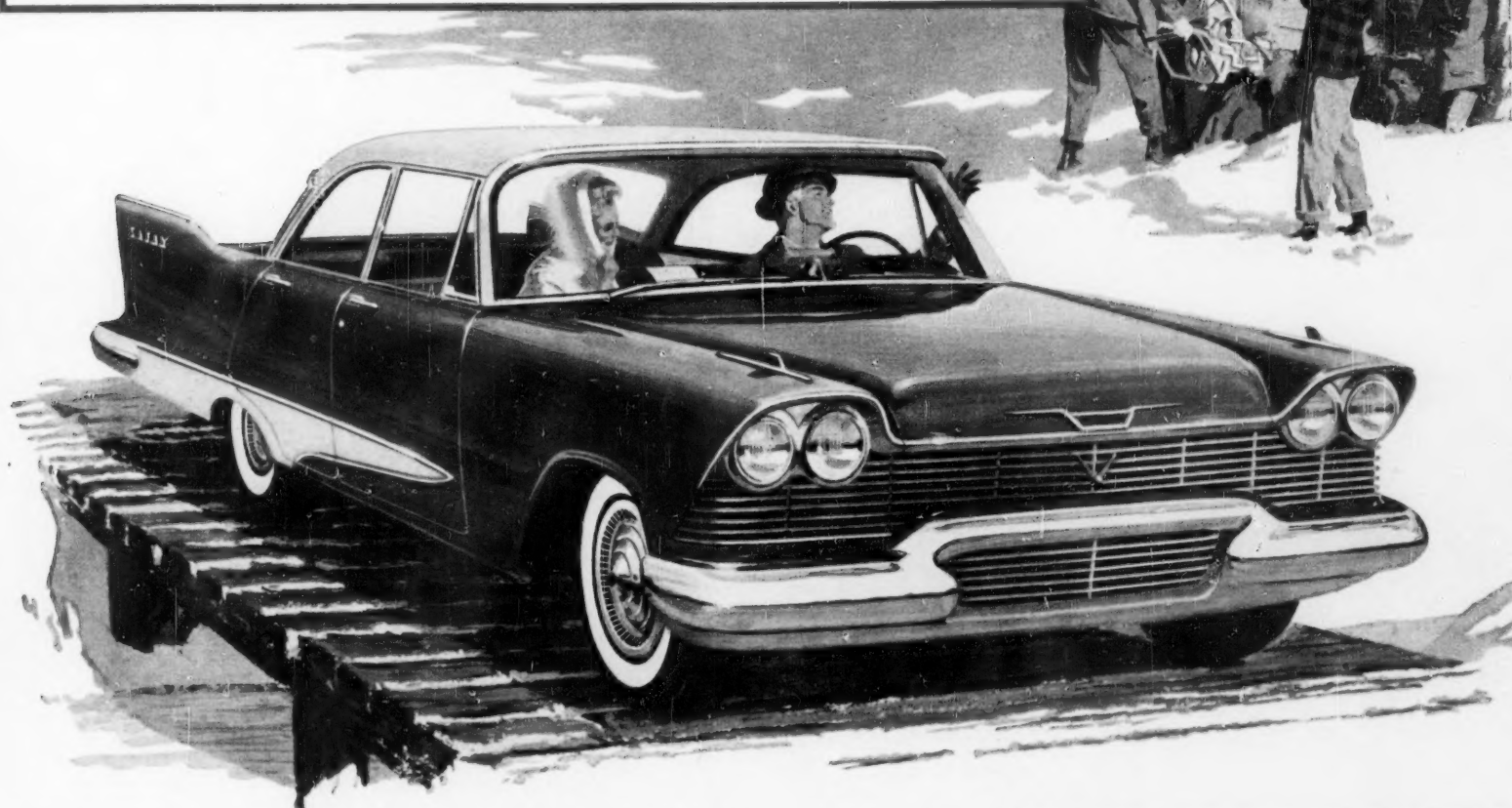
Yes, you're seeing double. The top half of the cover is reflected in that puddle the kids are sailing their boat on. What's up? The date on the fence poster gives it away — April fool. "But," says artist Ed McNally, wryly, "I guess the joke's on me—I had to paint two pictures for the price of one."

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For the sake of argument



CYRUS EATON SAYS

We must come to terms with Russia—or perish

I believe we can trust the Russians.

I am equally convinced that we must trust the Russians, must find common ground for agreement with them. Our present American course of provocation, insult and threat can lead only to one terrible outcome: the final world war.

I call it that because the top scientists of a dozen nations who met last summer at Pugwash, N.S., left no doubt of its finality. They computed chilling statistics for a nuclear war if it were launched next month or next year with weapons already in existence—indeed, weapons at this moment poised, aimed or airborne.

The British and Polish, American and Russian, Canadian and Chinese scientists, given a unique opportunity for comparing and combining their data, agreed with amazing unanimity on the outcome of such a war: hundreds of millions killed outright; more hundreds of millions doomed to delayed death; the rest of mankind sentenced to precarious existence in a ravaged poisoned world.

In short, they agreed that another war would end civilization as we know it.

The very real possibility that mankind may be about to destroy everything it has created is understood by an increasing number of people—not only scientists, but businessmen, teachers, students and average men and women. Strangely, it does not seem to be understood by the very men responsible for making or avoiding war—men in government. Twelve years of unremitting cold war, of living on the brink of disaster, surely is *prima facie* evidence that statesmen, politicians, diplomats have been unable to find (if indeed they have been sincerely seeking) a basis for peace between the West and Russia and her allies.

Can the answer be found elsewhere? Since Pugwash, scientists from all major countries have been

asking for another conference. Russia's scientists have offered to meet their colleagues "anywhere, anytime." With the co-operation of the English philosopher, Bertrand Russell, and the blessing of such men as Albert Schweitzer, I have invited a larger group of scientists, from even more nations than were represented at my Pugwash place last year, to meet at another conference.

This time the chief item on the agenda will be the most critical question that faces mankind: what specific steps can be taken to avoid the final world war and establish common ground for friendly relations among nations?

Do scientists have the answer?

I believe the scientists will come up with practical workable plans, or, as one of them assured me, "We'll make recommendations that will make the politicians sit up!"

As for the qualifications of scientists to deal with international affairs:

Certainly no groups from opposite sides of the cold war have shown a better ability to think and speak alike than the scientists and that includes professional politicians and diplomats.

Scientists are acutely aware of the ability of nuclear weapons to wipe out humanity, and are quite as acutely aware of their own responsibility in creating the instrument of extinction. This sense of responsibility is not recent nor an outcome of hindsight. Fifteen years ago when atomic power was converted from a laboratory experiment into a weapon, one of the physicists concerned said ruefully: "We have put dynamite into the hands of children . . ."

It was actually that greatest of all scientists, Albert Einstein, who inspired the meeting of scientists at Pugwash. Einstein's theory had opened the **continued on page 52**

NOVA SCOTIA-BORN FINANCIER CYRUS EATON CONDUCTS AN ANNUAL EAST-WEST CONFERENCE OF SCIENTISTS AT HIS PUGWASH HOME.



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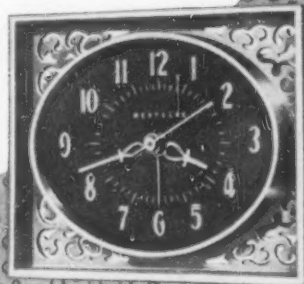
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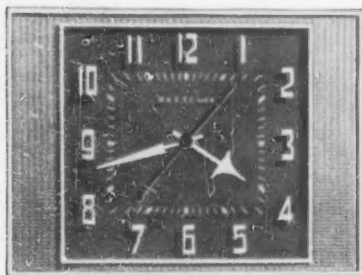
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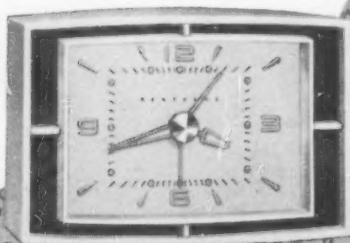
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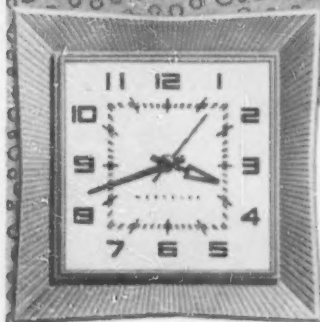
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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

The soccer tragedy and the British press

To understand the tragedy and outcry that followed the Munich air disaster it is necessary to appreciate what soccer football means to the people of Great Britain. Americans in a satirical mood have mocked soccer as the only game in which the participants use the outside of the head. Rugger players look down upon it as a sport for the masses. Yet as the League games progress through all the vagaries of autumn and winter weather, hundreds of thousands of fans follow the fortunes of their home teams and talk of little else.

At the end of the season comes the Cup Final when the two winning League teams travel to Wembley in Greater London and play it out to a finish. Merely to "get into the final" enraptures a team's supporters, and when the great match is over the fans move into central London and make a night of it until their train is ready to take them home.

Among the good things Britain has given to the world is sport and its corollary of sportsmanship. Kipling mocked the flannelled fool at the wicket and there have been

many satirists who have decried the frenzied supporters of the soccer teams, but both cricket and soccer will exist when their detractors are sleeping in the good earth.

But soccer football today is not confined to Britain. The cult has spread to Europe and even to Russia. Players who cannot speak a word of their opponents' language find a common enthusiasm and antagonism in England's national game.

So in the order of things it was the turn of Manchester United to play the Yugoslav team at Belgrade in the International League. There was certain to be a great crowd and, therefore, the players and the management of Manchester United would gain in experience and money. Off they flew in a chartered plane carrying players and coaches as well as the leading British football sports writers and press photographers.

When the game (a tie match) was over the Manchester players, and those who made the journey with them, went to the airdrome for the joyous homeward journey. The first **continued on page 43**



Callous or conscientious? Photographers "crashed" hospital for pictures like this (Manchester United manager Matt Busby, who recovered).

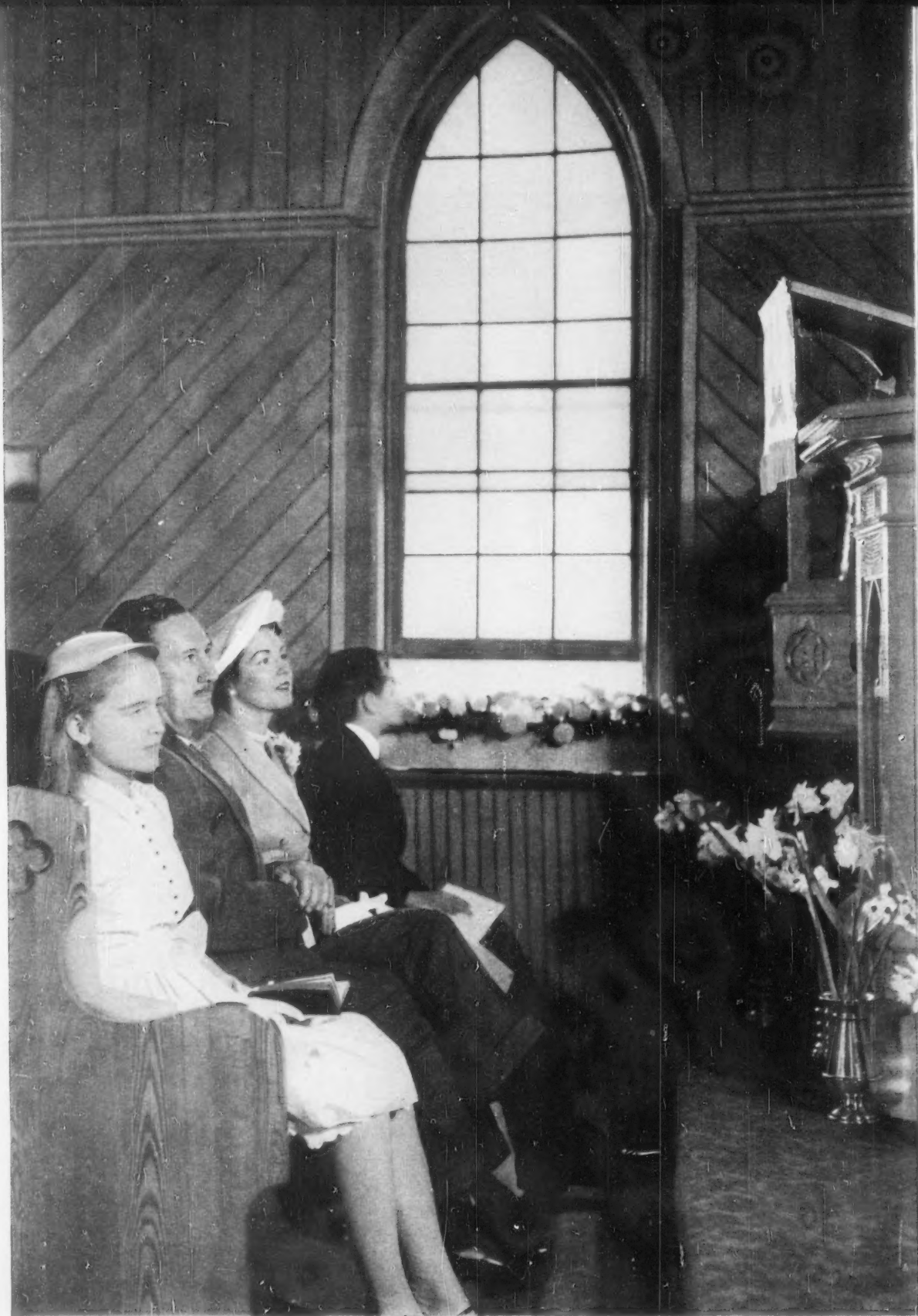


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go the roots
of family
unity



EASTER IN CHURCH . . . the joyous time . . . the hallowed place. Here the family re-affirms its faith, sharing afresh the warmth, the wonder, of being together.

Because love of family goes deep, to the roots of all of us, people seek to safeguard family unity and security. They seek, too, a deep and

satisfying response to their dreams, hopes and problems.

Many are the ways in which we may serve them . . . arranging the purchase of a home, managing investments, conserving assets, planning a Will, administering an estate, assuring full benefits from property.

To them, *to you*, we bring more

than knowledge, experience, and sympathetic understanding. We bring a sense of responsibility and dedication . . . symbolized in mediaeval times at the Abbey of St. Alban's, where trust was sworn in a ceremony before the altar.

THE
ROYAL TRUST
COMPANY

The private side of politics

A MACLEAN'S PANEL TALKS INFORMALLY WITH



JOHN DIEFENBAKER



MIKE PEARSON

Everybody knows what these men stand for. But fewer know of the environment, the molding, the experiences that shape a major political leader. Here are the revealing, often surprising, stories that lie behind the candidates—as they told them to **HUGH MacLENNAN * BARBARA MOON * JAMES BANNERMAN**

AS THE 1958 ELECTION CAMPAIGN approaches its climax, the opposing political creeds of John Diefenbaker and Lester Pearson have become familiar to anyone who reads a newspaper. But what of the private personalities of the leaders of the two major parties? What books do they read? What movies have impressed them? Do they watch TV, look at comic strips, eat a big breakfast, go to the opera? And what were their first childhood memories? What determined the course of their lives? How do they manage to get all their work done? Do they ever feel lonely?

To get the answers to such questions, Maclean's arranged two informal discussions in which three well-known writers met in turn with Mr. Diefenbaker and Mr. Pearson. The pan-

elists were chosen for their interest in people rather than in politics. Hugh MacLennan, one of Canada's major literary figures, has just completed his fifth novel. As a Maclean's assistant editor, Barbara Moon is known for her character studies of entertaining Canadians. James Bannerman is best known for his CBC Wednesday night radio talks. His varied talents were described in our last issue.

The questions these writers asked were searching but almost entirely non-political. The replies, recorded in one case by Hansard reporters and in the other by tape-recorder, were sometimes surprisingly similar. But at other times they underlined the strong contrasts in the personalities of the two major figures in the 1958 election campaign.

FOR WHAT THEY TALKED ABOUT see next four pages



"On the homestead we were 12 miles from the nearest town. The area had never been touched by man . . . a boy's companionship became either the outdoors or books."

JOHN DIEFENBAKER He recalls buffalo skulls and Riel's lieutenant; Happy Hooligan and a movie



How he remembers the prairie

"In those days that area was pretty well covered with buffalo bones . . . and every half mile great buffalo wallows."



An early neighbor

He met Riel's right-hand man, Gabriel Dumont, "the greatest Indian fighter."



A comic strip he liked

Now he skips the comics, but there was a day: "Remember Happy Hooligan (above)? And the Katzenjammer Kids?"

A movie that stirred him

Birth of a Nation had an "unchanging effect" on him: "I have an intense hatred of discrimination based on color."





Hugh MacLennan

"Did military heroes interest you as a youth?"



Barbara Moon

"Your father as a parent—was he a strict man?"



James Bannerman

"Do you remember your first really bad dream?"



A mother who was "strong"

His mother's outstanding trait is "a strong personality." His dead father was "a great student."

The private side of politics: JOHN DIEFENBAKER

"The course was determined for me as a youngster, undeviating and unchanging..."

At the outset of his 1958 election campaign, on a February day that must have been as full—and perhaps as confusing—as any he has ever known, John Diefenbaker took time out to sit down and talk about matters and incidents that had nothing to do with the politics of the moment. He chatted about such things as the comic strips he read as a boy, the books that influenced his thinking, the sound a prairie fire makes, the time he was lost in a blizzard, and the reason for the perfect part in Gabriel Dumont's hair.

It was a bright, cold Monday in Ottawa and the prime minister had just returned from a speaking engagement in Toronto. In a sudden last-minute decision he had switched his election plans and was preparing to leave that evening for Winnipeg to open his campaign in the west. In his residence on Sussex Street his desk was piled high with papers. Cabinet ministers arrived, talked briefly and departed. In an adjoining office a typewriter clacked as assistants made quick switches in a complicated itinerary.

At noon, when most of Ottawa was at lunch, the prime minister left his desk and walked downstairs to his oyster-grey living room where Barbara Moon, James Bannerman and Hugh MacLennan were waiting for him. He settled himself on a flowered couch and the following conversation, recorded by two Hansard reporters, took place:

Mr. MacLennan: Mr. Prime Minister, would you care to tell us briefly about your parents?

Mr. Diefenbaker: My mother is living in Saskatoon today, and my father passed away in 1945. Father was a teacher for the first twenty years of his working life or more, and he became a civil servant in 1912 and continued as a civil servant until 1938.

Father taught in Ontario before he went west, the last school being Todmorden which is part of East Toronto now. It might be of some interest that in that school there were twenty-eight youngsters, and four of us were afterward members of the House of Commons together: McGregor is still a member; Tustin was defeated or was not a candidate in the last election; and Joe Harris passed away some years ago.

Miss Moon: Your father as a parent—was he a strict man?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No. My father was a person who had a dedicated devotion to the public service. Throughout the schools that he taught there were a great many that went on into public life, because of his feeling that it was one field in which there was a need.

Miss Moon: But in the home, how was he?

Mr. Diefenbaker: My father was a great student.

Miss Moon: A disciplinarian?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No!

Miss Moon: And what about your mother—

what was the balance between them?

Mr. Diefenbaker: It was a normal home. In so far as my father was concerned, the most important thing regardless of anything, whether we were on the homestead or elsewhere, was the availability of worthwhile books, and it was in that atmosphere that I lived.

Father was quite an accomplished musician. I have no qualification in that direction although my brother has. And throughout life, my father was a student...

Miss Moon: Had your mother comparable interests?

Mr. Diefenbaker: My mother still lives in Saskatoon—she is now past eighty-five—she has a very strong personality.

Miss Moon: Did your father encourage you to go into law or go into politics?

Mr. Diefenbaker: That is as far as I will go in that direction. Father had an unusually strong and abiding sense of history, and of the influence of men in their generation on the history of their time.

Mr. Bannerman: Mr. Prime Minister, what is the first thing that you as a small boy can remember consciously?

Mr. Diefenbaker: That's a very interesting question. I would think my first memory would be of the old Toronto Globe building and of a thermometer on the corner there that I wanted to understand. That seems to be my first recollection: I had to be able to read in order to interpret what that was.

Mr. Bannerman: And how old would you be at that time? Would you be about six?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I was younger than that. I read before I was five.

Mr. Bannerman: May I ask you another question, somewhat of the same sort: do you happen to remember what was your first nightmare, or your first really bad dream?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No. I have never had any nightmares at any time—whether it was an election year or not!

Mr. Bannerman: It is quite a non-political question, I assure you.

Mr. Diefenbaker: It is non-existent.

Mr. Bannerman: As a small boy were you yourself conscious of the "opening of the west"—of taking part in it?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No, I can't say I was. I was only eight years of age when we went to the area at Fort Carlton, and I was ten when we went on the homestead.

Mr. Bannerman: Used you to hear your father talking about the opening of the west?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No, he was in no different position—he hadn't been out there before. Everyone who traveled through the country seemed to make it a point to stay with us, for we had a nice home. That is why I took strong objection to your suggestion that my

continued on page 54



"I think I would have been a very good manager of a major league baseball team. I was never a great player . . . but I loved everything about baseball. I still do."

MIKE PEARSON He remembers a tintype town and a "rare" teacher, an old movie and new comedians

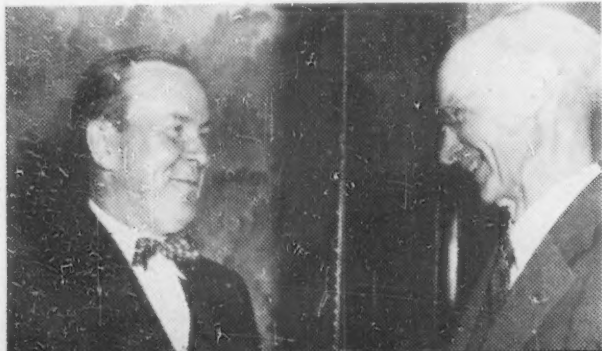


The street he dodged (?) traffic on

As a knickered schoolboy he skylarked on Peterborough's Charlotte Street — while the horse lost the last round to the trolley.

The schoolteacher he'll never forget

"His name is Downey. He was one of those rare beings who could teach in a way that made a deep impression. I never forgot it."



The first movie he can remember

"It was in 1907 or '08. About a train robbery, of course." The *Great Train Robbery* (above)?



The TV show he wouldn't miss

Wayne and Shuster are favorites. He almost missed a train to see this spoof.



James Bannerman

Are you attracted more to the Old Testament?



Barbara Moon

Do you have any trouble keeping your temper?



Hugh MacLennan

When you go to bed at night, can you sleep?



The boys' books he grew up with

He liked Henty, but Chums was a vital influence. It started a passionate ambition to go to Oxford.

The private side of politics: MIKE PEARSON

"The minister's kid is always subject to a certain amount of attention"

On the Friday morning following their Monday discussion with John Diefenbaker, the same three members of Maclean's panel gathered in a small suite in the Royal York Hotel in Toronto and chatted for an hour or so with Lester Bowles Pearson, the leader of the opposition.

Mr. Pearson came directly from his train, having arrived only that morning from his nomination meeting in his constituency of Algoma East. That afternoon he was destined to make a major policy speech in Hamilton—the opening gun in his Ontario campaign. Now he relaxed in an easy chair and talked, as John Diefenbaker had, of non-political matters—of parsonage life at the turn of the century, of his fascination with television, of his Biblical tastes, of his brief abortive struggle with a law book — and of the loneliness that comes upon a man as he approaches the summit.

Here is the tape-recorded transcript of the conversation:

Mr. MacLennan: I should like to start with something of a novelist's question, Mr. Pearson. In establishing a human character one always thinks of his parents, and I wondered if you would care to tell us how your parents seemed to you when you were a boy—in terms of their influence on you and your life?

Mr. Pearson: My earliest recollections of parsonage life are very happy indeed: of a mother, who is still active at ninety, who had to work in a way which young mothers now wouldn't like even to consider (pulling water out of the well, and all that kind of thing) yet never gave us any impression that she was working too hard; and of a father who was a Methodist minister, but who made us feel that it was important to go to a ball game as well as to prayer meetings with him. It was a nice combination. He was a very cheerful person as well as a very religious person. And our home was a very happy one. I may sound a little pompous, but I have often put it that we were very rich in everything except money. My father's average income when he died, after I think thirty years of preaching, was under a thousand dollars; but, I have no recollection of ever having been poor.

Miss Moon: Mr. Pearson, what was their general approach to bringing up children?

Mr. Pearson: Well, I think it was more kindness than kicks. I don't remember very much hard disciplinary action. Perhaps I could put it this way: I do remember so vividly the two or three occasions that it had to be done that obviously it wasn't done very much.

Mr. Bannerman: What's the very first thing that you can remember, Mr. Pearson?

Mr. Pearson: I can remember, in North Toronto (where I lived from one to four),

being frightened to death because there was a hand-organ going on across the street. The music was coming from some mysterious source that I couldn't understand, and this frightened me. That's my first conscious memory.

My next one is very vivid: being taken by my father to a baseball game. He was playing centre field and I was allowed to sit on a bench on the field with other men who were in baseball uniforms. I've learned later that this was a very revolutionary thing because father was a Methodist minister, and Methodist ministers in those days at the beginning of the century didn't play on baseball teams.

Mr. Bannerman: Well, sir, do you happen to remember the first very bad and terrifying dream that you ever had?

Mr. Pearson: I used to have nightmares when I was a small boy. Not serious, but very often I would be found walking around at night giving a shout. The nightmare was a common one: neat, fiery circles going round and round in my mind. Perhaps they still are! I lost those nightmares because I was given a black pill when I was about ten. I suppose there was nothing in the pill at all, but I was told that if I took that I'd never have a nightmare. Well, I never had a nightmare after that, and I gradually began to realize that I didn't have to take those black pills—until I came back from the First War; then I began to get them frequently again.

Mr. MacLennan: Would you tell us of some of your boyhood friends?

Mr. Pearson: Well, I'll go ahead now, to public school in Peterborough—we moved around all over the place. There was a boy in our class and he and I were always sort of struggling together for first place on the list of examination results. His name was Laidlaw Anderson, and we were together a great deal. He is the one I remember most vividly. He was killed almost at the beginning of the First World War; nearly all my friends of those days were killed in the First War. But, more vividly than him, I remember my teacher in this public school. He is still alive. He is eighty-three, and I still see him when I go to Peterborough. His name is Downey and he was one of those rare beings who could teach in a way that made an impression on you and you never forgot it. He excited in me an interest—not in mathematics because nobody could do that—but in history, and in language and literature. He got me curious about things: about the past, and about words. And there was another teacher in Hamilton, named Mike McGarvin, who had the same effect on me later in high school. Nobody at the university had exactly that effect on me!

Miss Moon: Are **continued on page 58**



1939 Known popularly as Margaret Rose, she had already shown signs of possessing a mind of her own.



1946 At sixteen, always in the shadow of her sister—the Queen to be—she attended a society wedding.

The trials and

Before five o'clock on the morning of February 7, 1955, the oblique rays of the early sun had already begun to wash the Caribbean island of Grenada in a rosy promise of mildewed heat. Along a dusty road at a comfortable remove from the activity that would convulse the island as the day advanced Mrs. Agatha Nevis moved purposefully about an unpainted, one-room shanty, her ebony face moist with the effort of feeding her six children, ages one to ten, and dressing them in their best clothes and brightest hair ribbons.

At five-forty-five, with two babies in her arms and the rest of her brood white-eyed with excitement in tense formation behind her, Mrs. Nevis boarded a bus for the painted, decorated main street of St. George's, the capital. More than five hours later, when a great crowd had gathered, when the temperature had reached one hundred degrees in the shade, Mrs. Nevis got what she had come for.

As the Queen's spinster sister, Margaret plays her unique role on the world stage. How does she view her



1952 At the London premiere of Chaplin's *Limelight*, Margaret blossomed out in her controversial career as a royal gadabout. Her gowns (of cascading tulle, above) drew censorious comment.



1955 Her attachment to Group Captain Peter Townsend took the monarchy to the brink of its biggest crisis since the Abdication. It took the Princess from the gay theatre-goer (above, left) to the unsmiling regal personage in the royal box at Covent Garden.



d triumphs of a royal career girl

BY MARJORIE EARL

The object of her vigil was Princess Margaret, the Queen's sister, who was then touring the islands of the Caribbean and who will this year visit Canada to attend the British Columbia Centennial celebrations in Vancouver.

When the princess finally appeared Mrs. Nevis strained forward, her eyes devouring the details of the princess's dainty person: the modish flowered hat, the tiny high-heeled shoes, the flashing smile, the big blue eyes, the flushed pink-and-white complexion and the silk dress, like iced champagne, that so admirably displayed an excellent, if too-small, figure.

In a few minutes it was over but Mrs. Nevis was well satisfied with her morning's exertions. "The princess she real nice girl and five feet of beauty," she said with just a shade of condescension in her voice at the words "five feet." (Princess Margaret is actually five feet three.)

Mrs. Nevis had perhaps taken more trouble than is average to see "the little dolly princess"

as West Indians called Margaret. But not much more. To glimpse the complex, highly publicized figure of the Queen's younger sister women—and men too—will endure almost any discomfort and submit to almost any indignity. Later on the same tour, for example, tourists in Nassau were offering over two thousand dollars for an invitation to dine with her, and five hundred for a chance to sit in church with her. One woman even attempted to bribe the dean of Christ Church in Nassau with the promise of a new altar cloth.

There are several reasons why Princess Margaret excites as much or more interest than her elder sister. In the first place, she is a public figure moving in a formal and highly conventional society, who is at the same time that natural enemy of conventional society, that perpetual object of inquisitive speculation, the single woman.

In the second, she is a prisoner of tradition, ceremonial and public opinion, who has made

several futile attempts to escape and in her recent renunciation of a divorced suitor, Group Captain Peter Townsend, one that held elements of tragedy.

But above all, she is a figure from another world, as much a fairy tale as a fairy princess. On the one hand her life is so secret and so far removed from ordinary experience as to be almost mystical. On the other it is so pitilessly public that everyone can share it and take satisfaction from it.

The "peering and the prying" and the "outpourings of school-girl gossip writing," as a London paper described the unrelenting scrutiny to which Princess Margaret has been subjected, is clearly reflected in a selection of headlines covering the past ten years of her life.

THE PRINCESS DANCES TILL DAWN, MARGARET SEES A NEW CABARET, SHE TASTES SNAILS, PRINCESS SHOULD SET BETTER EXAMPLE **continued on page 45**

her job? What's the truth about her romances? Here's a searching look at the Princess we'll see this summer



1956 Following her choice of duty, over love, Margaret puffs reflectively during her tour of East Africa.

1957 Mature and poised in her role as a royal career girl, this is the Margaret that Canadians will meet.



One year ago
BRUCE HUTCHISON
 reported ▶



This Mar. 2, 1957, Maclean's article plotted the pitfalls ahead of the runaway boom.

NOW HE TELLS WHAT WENT WRONG with the BOOM

▶ **WE OVERBUILT**
 ▶ **WE OVERSPENT**
 ▶ **WE GOT DRUNK ON INFLATION**
 and we can't recover until the U.S. does.
 But we can sidestep a bust and salvage
 part of our scuttled savings —
 if we swallow some bitter facts

WHERE ARE WE GOING? This is the first

of three articles by Bruce Hutchison on various aspects of the present crisis in the free world as seen from Ottawa, New York and Washington.

JUST A YEAR AGO I reported on these pages certain economic predictions. Not my own, for I am no economist; they represented the views of the ablest professional brains in Ottawa.

Though shouted down, distorted, and smeared in the election campaign a few months later, these predictions have been vindicated.

The ponderous wheel of the North American economy has turned full circle and produced the inevitable recession built into our system long ago by our own folly.

To be sure, the reversal is relatively minor and is only one phase, perhaps the smallest, of a three-pronged crisis which this series of articles will discuss.

But it is the first phase to come, and the most visible. It touches the ordinary Canadian household, it convulses politics in an election year and it displays more clearly than anything else the deepening dilemma of democracy.

Let us, therefore, consider first what has gone wrong with the great Canadian boom, why it cannot be easily or quickly revived and what we can do to prevent it becoming a bust.

A year ago the boom looked as shiny and strong on the outside as ever, but fatal fractures had already appeared and they widened rapidly. The men in Ottawa who manage our economy—so far as government can manage a free economy—saw these fissures when they were hair-thick and desperately tried to close them.

They failed. But it is a libel to say that these men did not know what was happening or that in their ignorance they worsened an unavoidable business decline.

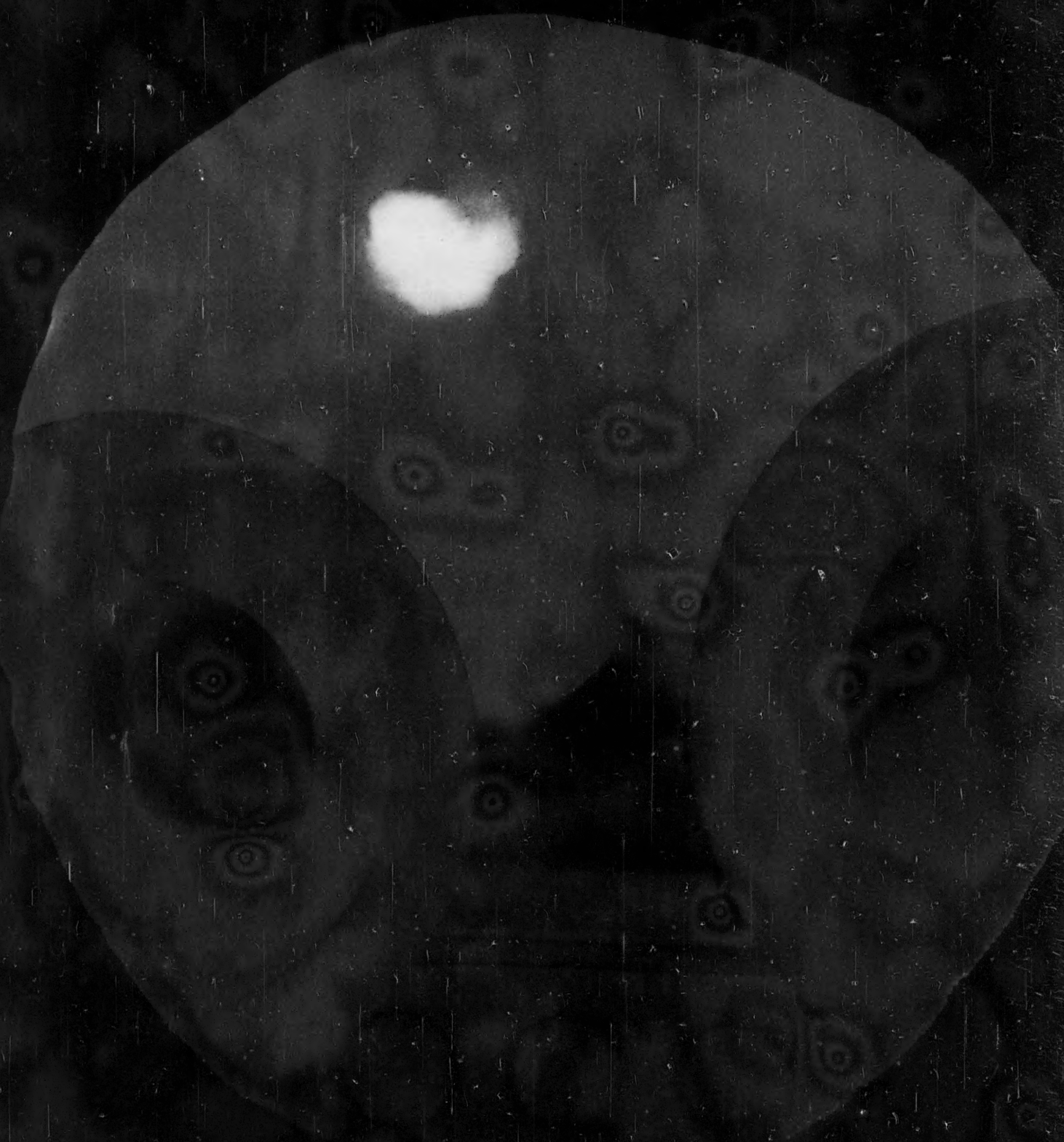
On the contrary, they warned a year ago that the nation was in the grip of price inflation; and that this process, in Canada and elsewhere, must assure recession.

Both these things have come to pass. Inflation is still our basic economic danger. Prices are still rising, even in a recession, and will continue to rise for some time by a unique economic paradox.

They also warned that inflation would end the boom without curing the root disease. This is confirmed by every economic index today. The continental economy is in deeper trouble than any government is likely to admit, though with luck and good management we can probably begin to get out of it by autumn. The economy of Canada faces problems different both in size and in kind from those of our next-door neighbor.

What went wrong? Not what most politicians tell us, not what the headlines say, not what citizen Joseph Doakes usually supposes, but something much deeper and much simpler. We must understand that the trigger of our recession was not pulled by any Canadian finger. Assuredly we had loaded our gun with **continued on page 31**

Something new in pictures



A second album by John deVisser, the remarkable young immigrant photographer. Here he discovers drama and surprise in such everyday sights as the hotbox of an oil furnace above. Four more pages follow ►

Something new in pictures: continued



Shops of Forest Hill Village hang upside down in a pharmacy's apothecary jar.

No gimmicks and nothing up the sleeves when John deVisser made the photographs on these pages. They're

When we published the first album of John deVisser's fine photographs (A New Look at a Controversial City, Maclean's, Oct. 26, 1957), the response was immediate and enthusiastic. From everybody but DeVisser, that is. He liked those pictures well enough, but, he told us, he was building another and much better set. These new ones would attempt to capture the fleeting moments of unsuspected beauty, of humor, of surprise that his ever-open camera's eye noted at

every street corner, on the broad avenues, even in backyards. They were not obvious pictures; they would tell a story of Toronto unknown to its citizens and its chroniclers alike. We were intrigued, and this new five-page album is the result. Without the use of special camera equipment, using ordinary color film, DeVisser has achieved, in essence, a portfolio of abstract or semi-abstract art. He shows those of us who take our cities for granted that beauties of line,



Pleasure boats ripple and dapple a lagoon near the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. Shot was taken from a bridge.

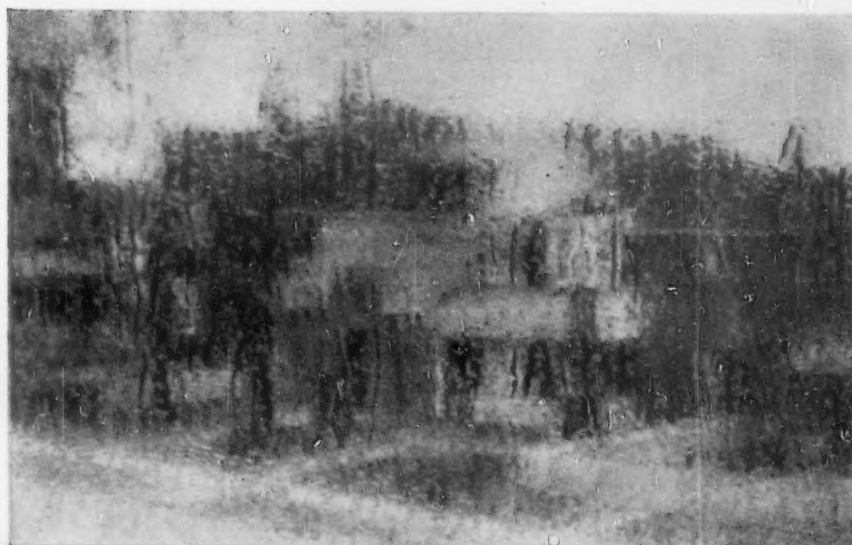


A chromed and shined new car was standing on Toronto's St. Clair Avenue. Its glittering metal held a reflection of the Imperial Oil building. Along came John deVisser . . .

ey're

familiar sights. But what are they?

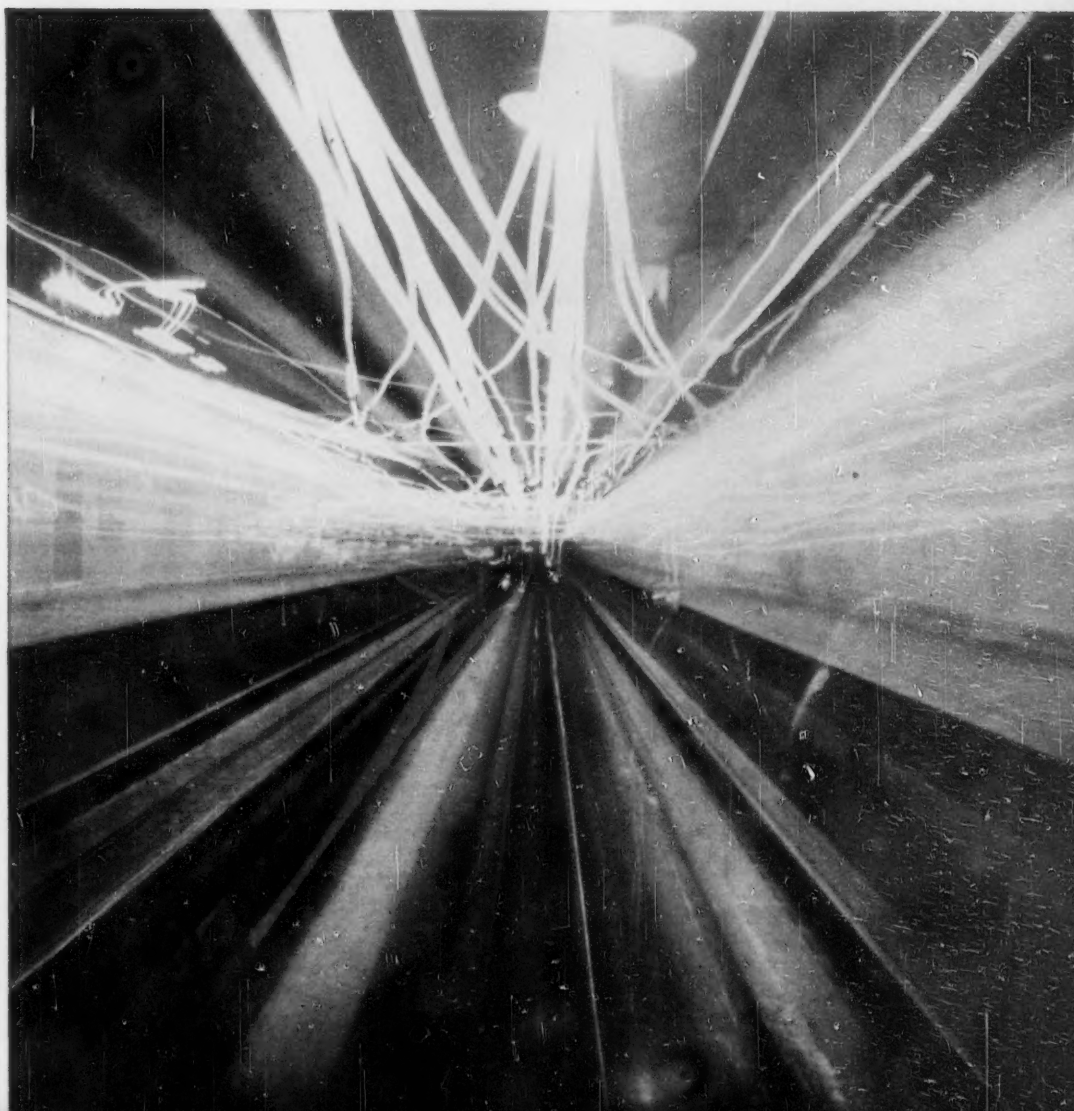
of form, of color can lurk in the places where we throw our cigarette butts . . . in the mirror-shine of a new car, a factory wall, a porch awning, a misty windowpane. What is this sudden renown doing to John deVisser? For one thing, he's banking the money to take his wife, Barrie-born Helen Reeve, over to Holland to meet his parents. The Netherlands DeVissers, and John's seven sisters and two brothers, live around the small southern industrial city of Veghel.



Ever stared at a windowpane awash with pelting rain? This humble sheet of glass, in a home in the Yonge-Eglinton district of Toronto, turns into a Cubist canvas.

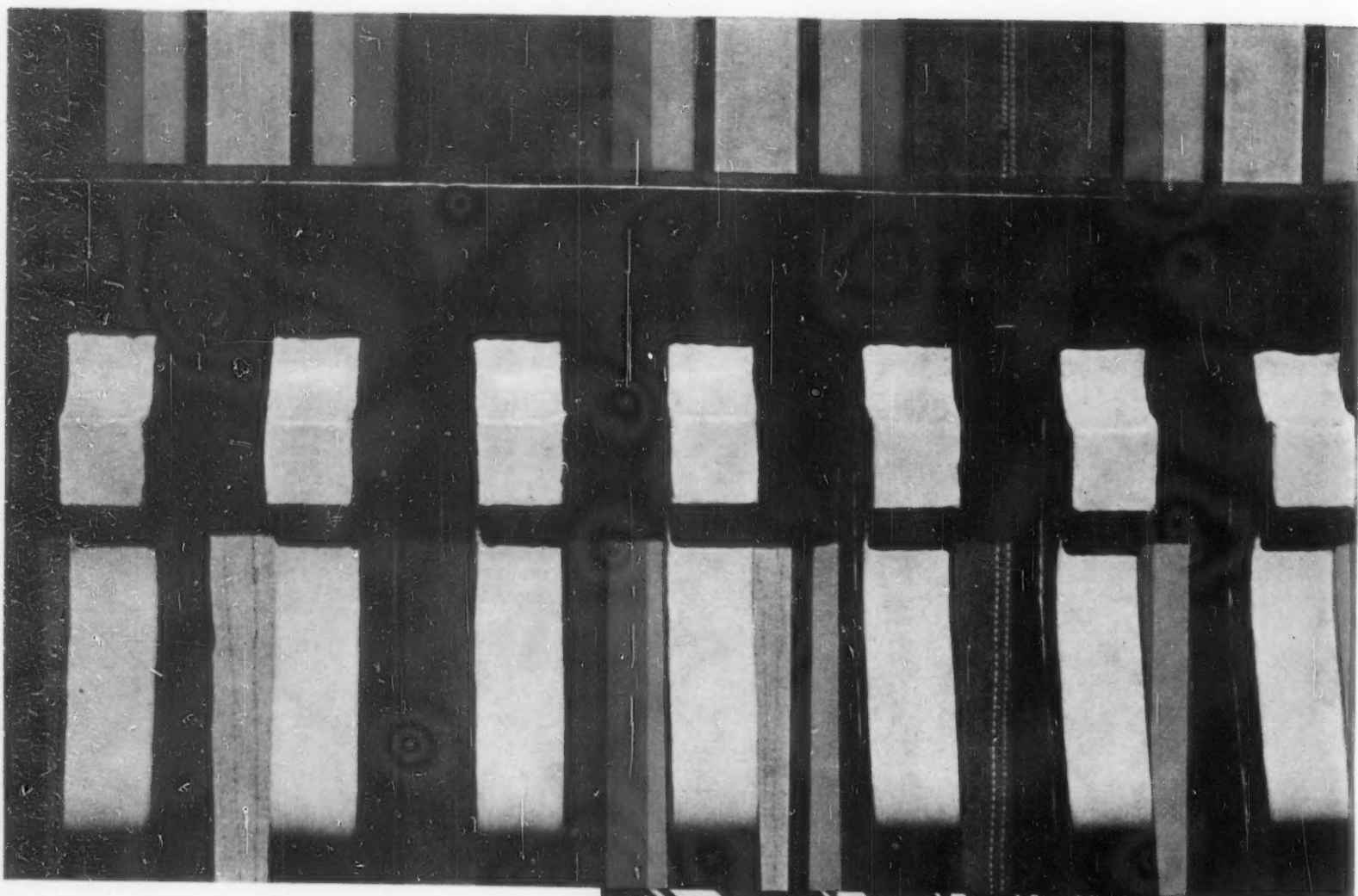
Bowling alley? Bridge? Mine? Can you guess what's below?

Here's how this puzzler was made. DeVisser set up his color camera against the rear window of a Toronto subway train as it sped from Rosedale to St. Clair. Exposure: 1½ min.



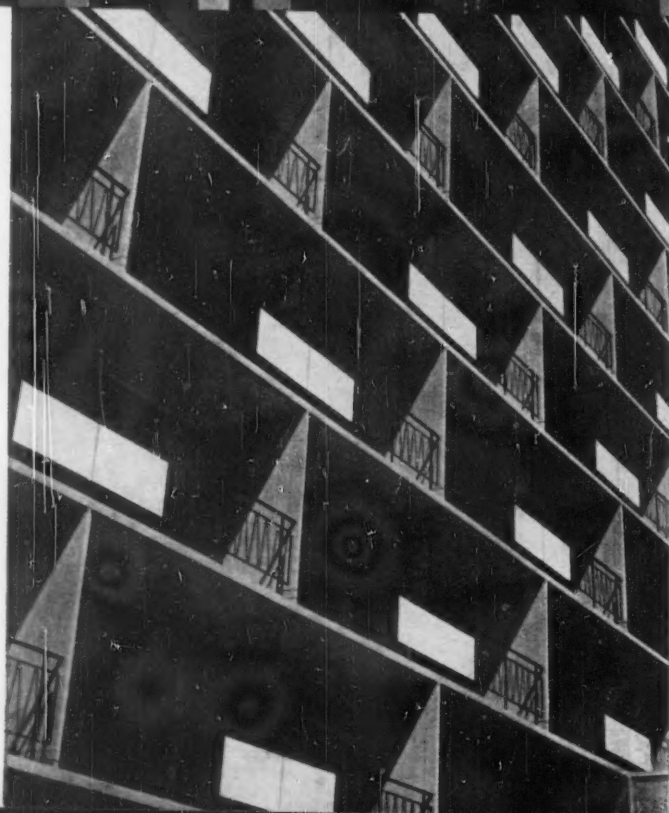
A fire escape, summer chairs, a parking lot — with an artist's eye and an amateur's relish, John deVisser finds a

Optical illusion is, in honesty, merely a closed striped awning photographed through the bars of a porch.



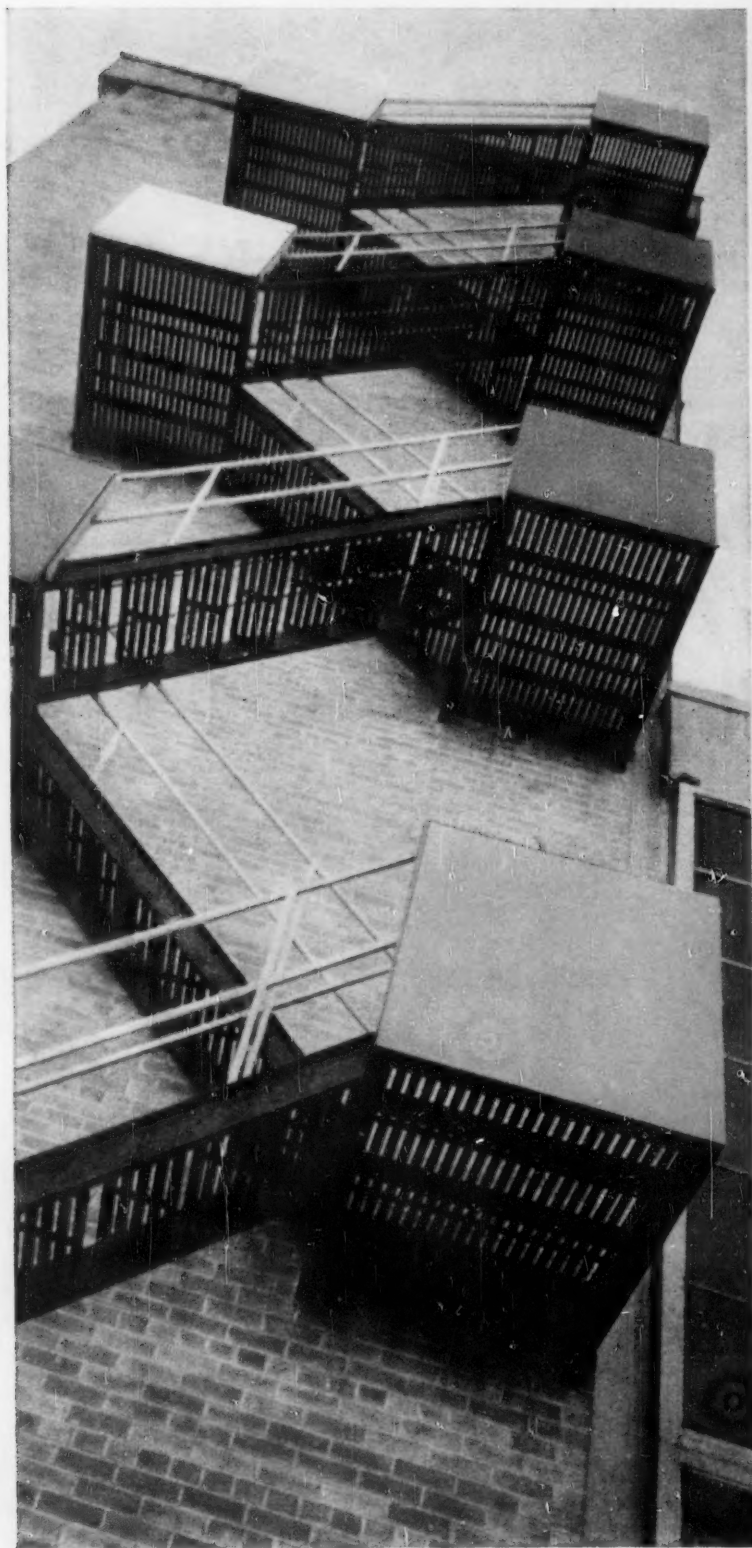
A frame wall, a small window, a parking lot close to Eglinton Avenue offer DeVisser a study in design.

Right side up (as here) or upside down, this patio wall of the Park Plaza Hotel offers a geometry of concrete and wrought iron.

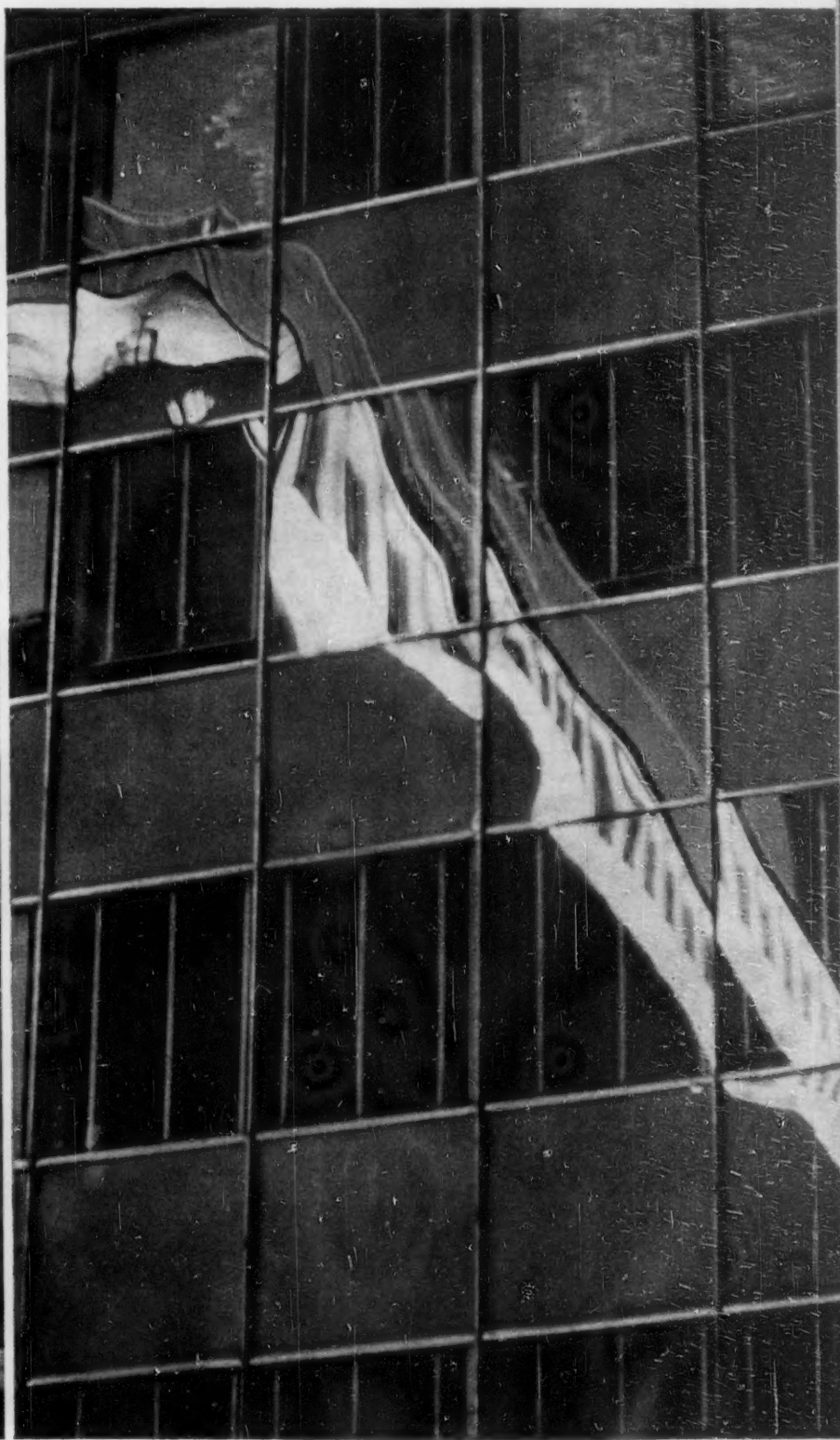


s a bright jigsaw of color in the streets of his adopted Toronto

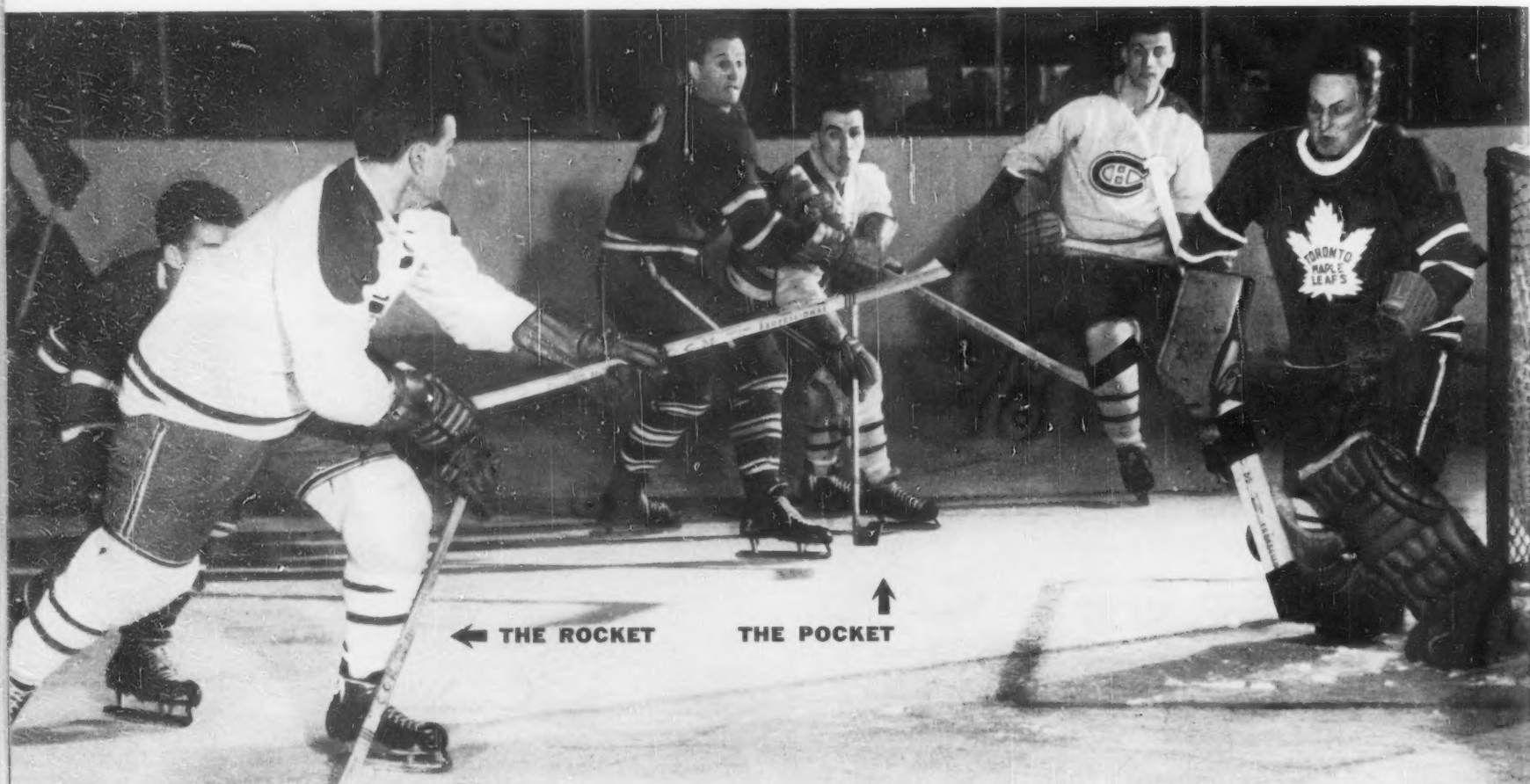
Around Keele and St. Clair, the tireless DeVisser looked next door and noted a tangle of summer chairs stacked against a green board fence.



Suggesting gates to a racetrack, this is an up-the-wall view of Simpsons-Sears warehouse where DeVisser works.



The window wall of a St. Clair block, at 11 p.m., held this shimmering reflection of Imperial Oil's jazzy new penthouse.



POCKET'S PLAY: Flanked by Canadian teammate Dickie Moore, Henri flashes the puck across to the Rocket, who lets go a fast shot at Toronto goalie Ed Chadwick.

How the "Pocket Rocket" beat his kid-brother jinx



POCKET'S IDOL: Big brother Maurice was already a star when Henri was only seven. They admire each other's play but exchange few words.

Young Henri Richard fought his way into the NHL past two big hurdles: his size and his name. Now the Canadiens' rivals are looking fearfully at the rest of Onésime Richard's hockey-mad brood

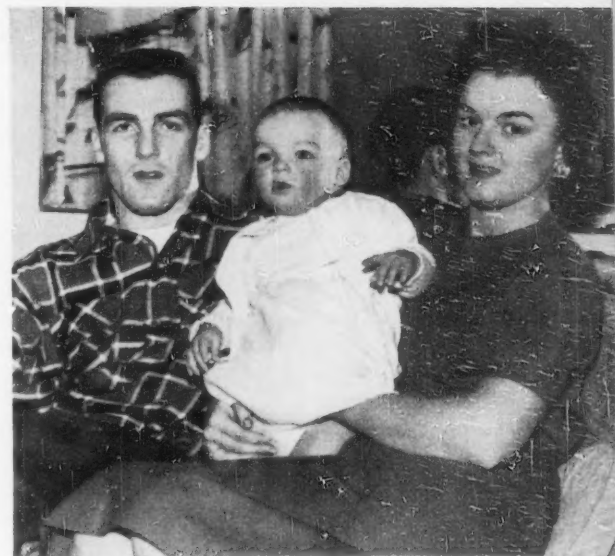
BY TRENT FRAYNE

In some respects, the fact that he is Maurice Richard's brother was a burden for young Henri Richard in his determined climb to the National Hockey League, a lightly populated pinnacle he surmounted in the fall of 1955. Out of the tens of thousands of Canadians who play hockey every year, only a hundred-odd play it in the NHL, and these are long odds for anyone. For Henri Richard, who now in his third season with the Montreal Canadiens is emerging as one of the brightest of stars, they were infinitely longer—physically, for he is a small man in a violent game, and, more particularly, psychologically, for he has lived for fifteen years in the shadow of his richly endowed brother.

When Henri was six years old his parents began taking him to the Montreal Forum to see his brother play for the worshiped Canadiens from two seats obtained for them by the twenty-one-year-old Maurice. Henri used to sit squeezed between his parents or on one of their laps to marvel at the flashing figures on the ice below. When Henri was seven his brother scored thirty-two goals and became an established star, and the people sitting near the Richards in the Forum began pointing to Henri and saying that he was Maurice Richard's brother. And when

Henri turned eight, his brother became the mighty Rocket Richard, an indomitable figure who scored fifty goals in fifty games to set a season's scoring record that still stands.

In succeeding years, as the Rocket broke one scoring record after another to become the greatest scoring machine of all time, Henri was rarely allowed to forget that he was Maurice Richard's brother. Maurice was never his brother; he was always Maurice's brother. When he skated on *le ruisseau* (the stream), a nameless little brook that winds gently through the parish of Bordeaux on Montreal's northern outskirts where the eight Richard children were born, he was the Rocket's brother. When he played hockey on the outdoor rinks of Bordeaux for the François-de-Laval school, he was the Rocket's brother and the kids from rival teams in other parishes taunted him for it. When he played for the junior Canadiens, he was the Rocket's brother again, and some forgotten phrasemaker labeled him the Pocket Rocket. He helped draw more than twelve thousand people into Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto one Sunday afternoon early in 1954 for a meaningless junior game with the Toronto Marlboros and the fans were generous in their applause, not for



POCKET'S FAMILY: Henri, Lise and year-old Michèle make their home in Bordeaux. He's one of five sons and three daughters.



POCKET'S PARENTS: Onésime, a CPR freight-car builder, and Alice live at Bordeaux, near Montreal. With Henri, they inspect the leg injury that sidelined the Rocket for three months.

Henri Richard but for Rocket Richard's brother, the Pocket Rocket.

Even in the National Hockey League, after he'd made the grade, Henri was the target for jibes from the players' benches of rival teams. As he'd skate by, he'd hear a high-pitched whine, "I'm gonna tell my brother on you!" Then someone else would shout, "Hey, Rocket, come and help me!" It went on and on.

These were psychological burdens but there were physical obstacles, too. Except that Henri bears a certain facial resemblance to his brother—a long jawbone, an angular chin and a small, rather pinched mouth—they have little in common. The weight charts pinned to a wall of the Canadiens' dressing room in the Forum over a set of scales reveal that Maurice weighed 193 when a partially severed Achilles tendon sidelined him last November. Henri's weight was 153½. Strapping Maurice, with sleek black hair and piercing coal-black eyes, stands five-feet-eleven. Henri, whose hair is dark brown and has a tendency to curl, and whose eyes are a warm brown, is four inches shorter, at five-feet-seven. He has a tough compact body, along the lines of a middleweight fighter, but he is still one of the smallest men in the NHL. When he goes against, say, Elmer Vasko, the big young rough defenseman of the Chicago Black Hawks, he is giving away eight inches and fifty-five pounds.

Still, young Henri has made the grade, a point that could scarcely be more graphically illustrated than in the games following the injury to his brother in Toronto on November 13. At the time the Rocket was leading the league in scoring and Henri, who centres a line on which Maurice is the right-winger and Dickie Moore the left-winger, was in

Sweet & sour

I'm the kind of guy who'll believe anything

If the weather prediction is for colder and windy, the chances are that it will be colder and windy.

Show me a guy who has a lot of fancy fishing tackle and who constantly keeps talking about the catches he's made, and nine times out of ten I'll show you a darn good fisherman.

If somebody makes an unexpected left turn in front of you it will be a woman or a man.

Getting high marks in college doesn't guarantee that a fellow will be a success afterward; it's merely a mighty good indication.

Run out of gas and you can bet that the nearest filling station will be within easy walking distance.

When it comes to making headway with women it isn't the polite considerate fellow but the guy who treats them like dirt and shows them he's boss who usually ends up behind the eight ball.

If you'll just decide to stop thinking and worrying about your difficulties there's better than a fifty-fifty chance that they'll get worse.

A lot of the best musicians I know are guys who had a heck of a lot of lessons in their lives.

PARKE CUMMINGS



CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED

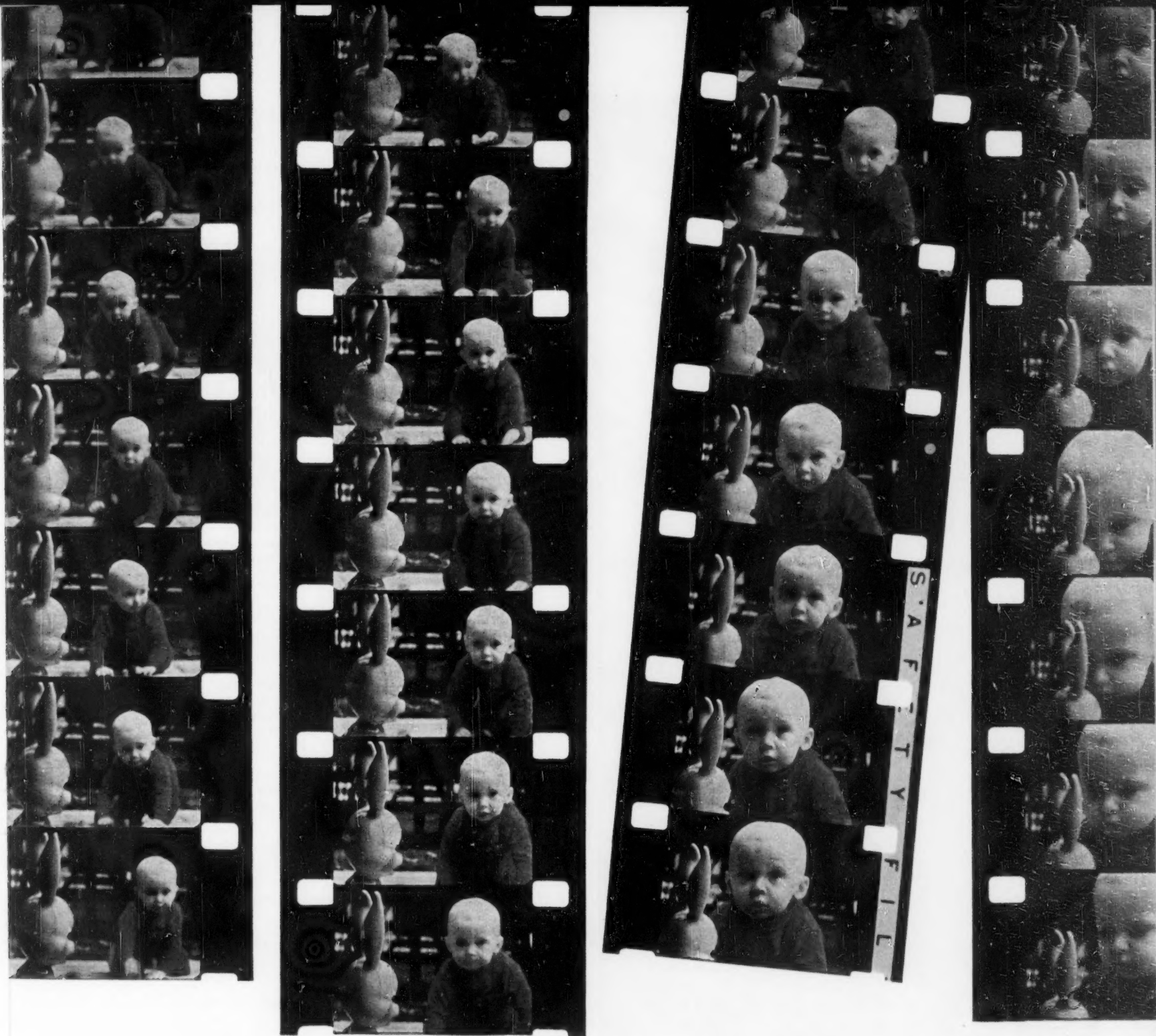
By Peter Whalley



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Everybody consumes cellulose. Here's how some countries stack up in pounds per person each year:

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Great Britain—180 lbs.	Free Formosa—14 lbs.
France—107 lbs.	Red China—3 lbs.
Japan—60 lbs.	Red Korea—2 lbs.

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

TEACHER'S PET: → In spite of the fact that it becomes unaccountably slow and solemn toward the finish, this is a bright enjoyable comedy about big-city newspaperdom. Clark Gable, a self-made city editor, despises academic punditry. Tongue in cheek, he enrolls (under a phony name) in Doris Day's night-school journalism class. Gig Young contributes a lively portrayal of a famed psychologist with a sense of humor.



THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV:

Writer-director Richard Brooks has done a solid job of filming Dostoevski's formidable novel about the loves and hates of a guilt-ridden family in nineteenth-century Russia. The able cast includes Canada's William Shatner, Yul Brynner, Lee J. Cobb, Maria Schell, Richard Basehart.

CHASE A CROOKED SHADOW: Heiress Anne Baxter's villa in Spain is invaded by a mysterious stranger (Richard Todd) who claims to be her supposedly dead brother, and soon a net of ever-tightening terror is closing around her. A good suspense thriller. With Herbert Lom, Alexander Knox.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS: This long and often boring tearjerker is a disappointing remake of a 1932 film based on Ernest Hemingway's novel. The widescreen murals of the Italian and Swiss mountains during the 1914-18 war, however, are undeniably spectacular. Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones and Vittorio De Sica top the cast.

FORT DOBBS: Clint Walker of TV renown is an old-fashioned western hero—tall, strong, silent, and courteous to man and beast—in a routine settlers-versus-redskins melodrama. Virginia Mayo is the comely widder-woman he protects against the savages.

THE QUIET AMERICAN: Audie Murphy is a bland do-gooder from Texas and Michael Redgrave is an empty and cynical English journalist, both of whom are unhappily involved in Indo-China's ideological turmoil. A garrulous but interesting and civilized screen version of the Graham Greene novel.

WALK INTO HELL: A stalwart Aussie (Chips Rafferty) and a gorgeous French doctor (Françoise Christophe) penetrate into New Guinea's headhunter regions in a fair adventure drama.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

- | | |
|--|---|
| All Mine to Give: Drama. Fair. | The Naked Truth: Comedy. Good. |
| April Love: Comedy-drama. Good. | No Down Payment: Drama. Fair. |
| Bolshoi Ballet: Russian dancers in London. Excellent. | Old Yeller: Boy-and-dog story. Good for youngsters. |
| Bonjour Tristesse: Idle-rich drama. Fair. | The One That Got Away: Escape drama. Good. |
| The Bridge on the River Kwai: Action drama. Tops. | Operation Mad Ball: Comedy. Good. |
| The Brothers Rico: Suspense. Good. | The Pajama Game: Musical. Excellent. |
| Campbell's Kingdom: Adventure. Good. | Paths of Glory: Drama. Excellent. |
| Davy: Drama with music. Fair. | Peyton Place: Drama. Good. |
| Decision Against Time: Drama. Good. | Raintree County: "Epic" drama. Fair. |
| Desire Under the Elms: Sexy farm melodrama. Good. | Robbery Under Arms: Adventure in Australia. Good. |
| Don't Go Near the Water: Navy-base comedy. Good. | Sayonara: Drama. Good. |
| The Enemy Below: War at sea. Good. | The 7 Hills of Rome: Mario Lanza musical comedy. Fair. |
| Escapade in Japan: Adventure-comedy. Good. | The Shiralee: Adventure and drama in Australia. Excellent. |
| The Hard Man: Western. Good. | Stopover Tokyo: Spy drama. Poor. |
| A Hatful of Rain: Drama. Good. | The Strange One: Drama. Good. |
| High Flight: Air-force drama. Fair. | Summer Love: Teen-age musical drama. Fair. |
| How to Murder a Rich Uncle: British comedy. Fair. | The Tarnished Angels: Drama. Poor. |
| The Last Bridge: War drama. Good. | Time Lock: Suspense drama. Good. |
| Legend of the Lost: Adventure. Fair. | The Tin Star: Western. Good. |
| Les Girls: Musical. Excellent. | 3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good. |
| Lucky Jim: Comedy. Fair. | Torero! Bullfight drama. Excellent. |
| Man in the Shadow: Western. Good. | Witness for the Prosecution: Courtroom comedy-drama. Good. |
| Merry Andrew: Comedy. Good. | |
| Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair. | |

What went wrong with the boom

Continued from page 20

back-firing economic explosives, but the trigger was pulled by foreign fingers too numerous and obscure for identification.

Just as the Liberal government did not create the boom and could not control it, the Conservative government did not create the recession and cannot cure it.

The decline in Canadian business stems from a decline throughout the world, and especially in the United States, our largest foreign market.

In theory there was no reason for any decline. The majority of mankind is in need of goods and the West is well able to supply them. But a vast increase in the output of the industrial nations has not been absorbed by their own people or by the backward peoples who need it.

By the autumn of 1957 there was an unsaleable surplus of the things that Canada sells abroad in large quantities—wheat, timber products, paper and metals. The sudden fall in demand for, and prices of, these things damaged many of Canada's basic industries. The fact that our total exports continued at a high level could not counteract this damage in vital aspects of our economy—damage that spreads from the idle mines or lumber mills right down to the corner grocery store.

More than almost any other, our economy is vulnerable to these world forces. But it is rich because it has learned to sell gigantic quantities of a few highly specialized products to the world. If it were more self-contained it would be less vulnerable. Also, it would be much poorer. We cannot have the advantages of our specialized exports without the disadvantage of vulnerability.

This obvious fact of geography, climate, resources and economic organization was largely ignored during the boom. We thought we could have our cake and eat it too, and for the most part our politicians told us our expectations were reasonable.

Accordingly, we proceeded to over-build a productive system that might prosper so long as the world boomed and we could sell virtually anything at rising prices. The Americans did the same thing on a proportionately smaller scale.

When the world boom ended we had guaranteed a maximum of danger by our decision to build too fast with the aid of foreign money, a productive apparatus considerably in excess of our domestic and foreign markets.

The consequence was that complex phenomenon we loosely call inflation.

In seeking scarce materials, machinery and manpower for our expanding industry we bid up prices and wages. Then higher wages produced still higher prices in a vicious spiral. Though the spiral destroyed half our savings in the last two decades, it could have continued indefinitely so long as the world maintained inflation at the same pace and was thus prepared to pay our increasing export prices.

Unfortunately there were two gaping flaws in this cheerful assumption. First, the world economy crossed, last year, the point at which the buyer resists the seller and refuses to pay existing prices. A chain reaction followed. Since many basic Canadian industries were hurt, investment naturally fell off sufficiently to take the steam out of the capital boom.

Second, while we were beginning to

Something really new for the home owner has just been introduced by the company which has pioneered in the development of most of the major innovations in the miraculous world of plastic laminates. If you are interested in walls or counter tops . . . whether you're the do-it-yourself type or prefer to have-it-done . . . this new product will enable you to get results never before available.

Here are the details. The Arborite Company Limited has just announced the introduction of a new exclusive development in the field of plastic laminates. It's called Twin-Trim. It is a metal moulding with a matching Arborite finish designed specially for use with Arborite 10 (1/10" Grade).

Arborite Twin-Trim provides the ultra-profes-

sional look you've always wanted . . . an unbroken expanse of colour and pattern in all wall and countertop installations. It is available in five standard shapes, covering every possible need—counter nosing, inside corner and cove, outside corner, divider and cap—and comes in the majority of colours in each of the following Arborite patterns: Pearls, Linens, Marbles, Echoes, Holidays, Solid Colours as well as in the popular Wood-grains.

These colour-match mouldings are ideal for use on all wall and counter installations, in bathrooms, kitchens, recreation rooms, hotels and restaurants, hospitals, elevator interiors, etc. They also combine very effectively with Arborite Curvatop, the famous one-piece counter top and splashback.

Arborite Twin-Trim is applied in the same man-

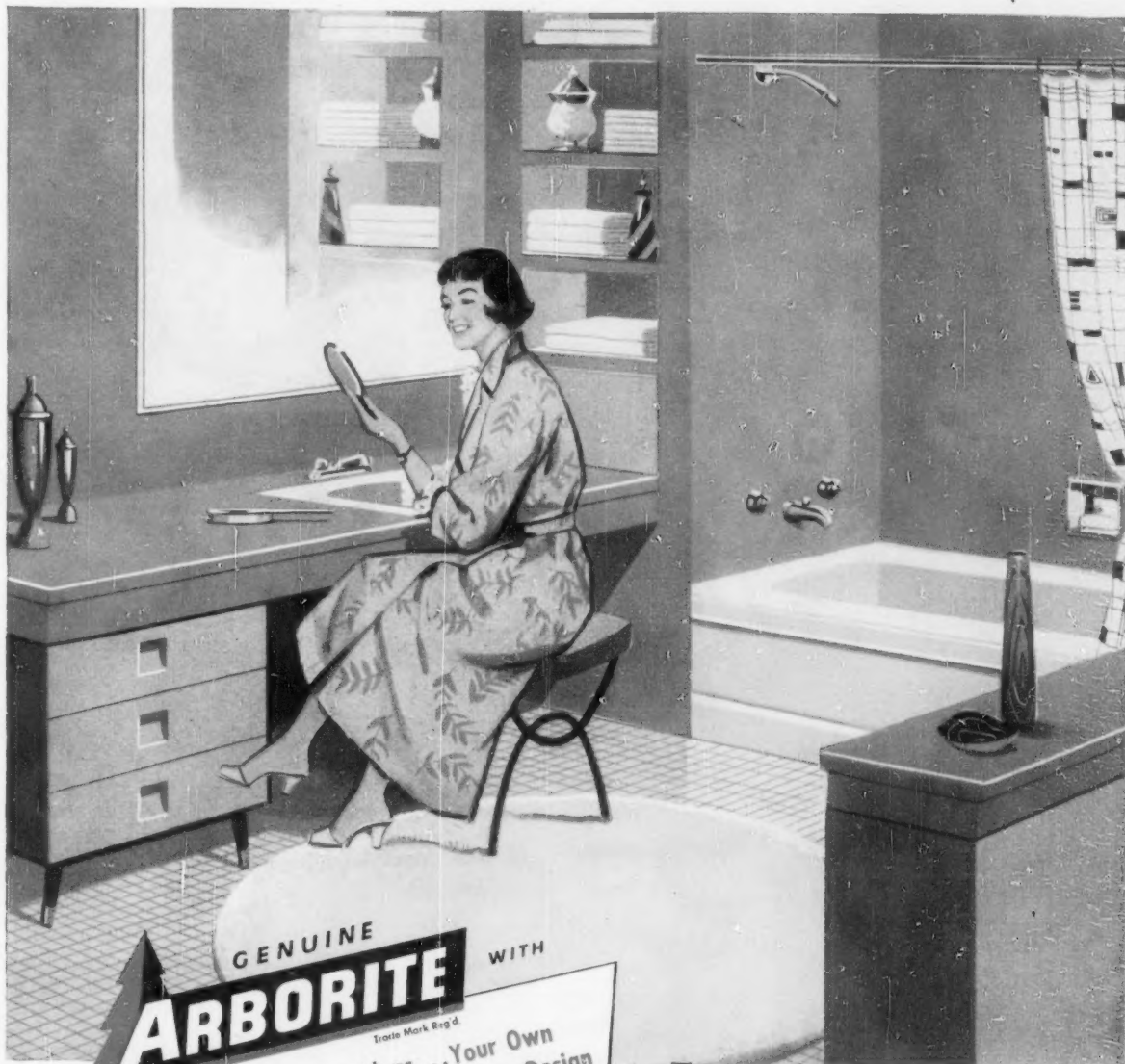
ner as standard metal channel mouldings. The new colour-match mouldings, available in eight-foot lengths, are made for use on flat surfaces only; and bending around corners is not recommended.

This new exclusive product is another of the many innovations carried out in the field of plastic laminates by The Arborite Company Limited, Canada's leading manufacturer in the industry.

Actually, you have to see Twin-Trim to really appreciate the difference it can make in your re-modelling or building program. Ask for full information about Twin-Trim at your local lumber or building supply dealer's, or write: The Arborite Company Limited, Montreal 32, Quebec.

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What a difference TWIN-TRIM Makes!

This exclusive new metal moulding with a matching Arborite finish enables you to have an unbroken expanse of colour and pattern on all walls and counters.

The Arborite Company Limited, Montreal 32, Que. AC-2-MM

Please send me complete information on Arborite and Arborite Twin-Trim.

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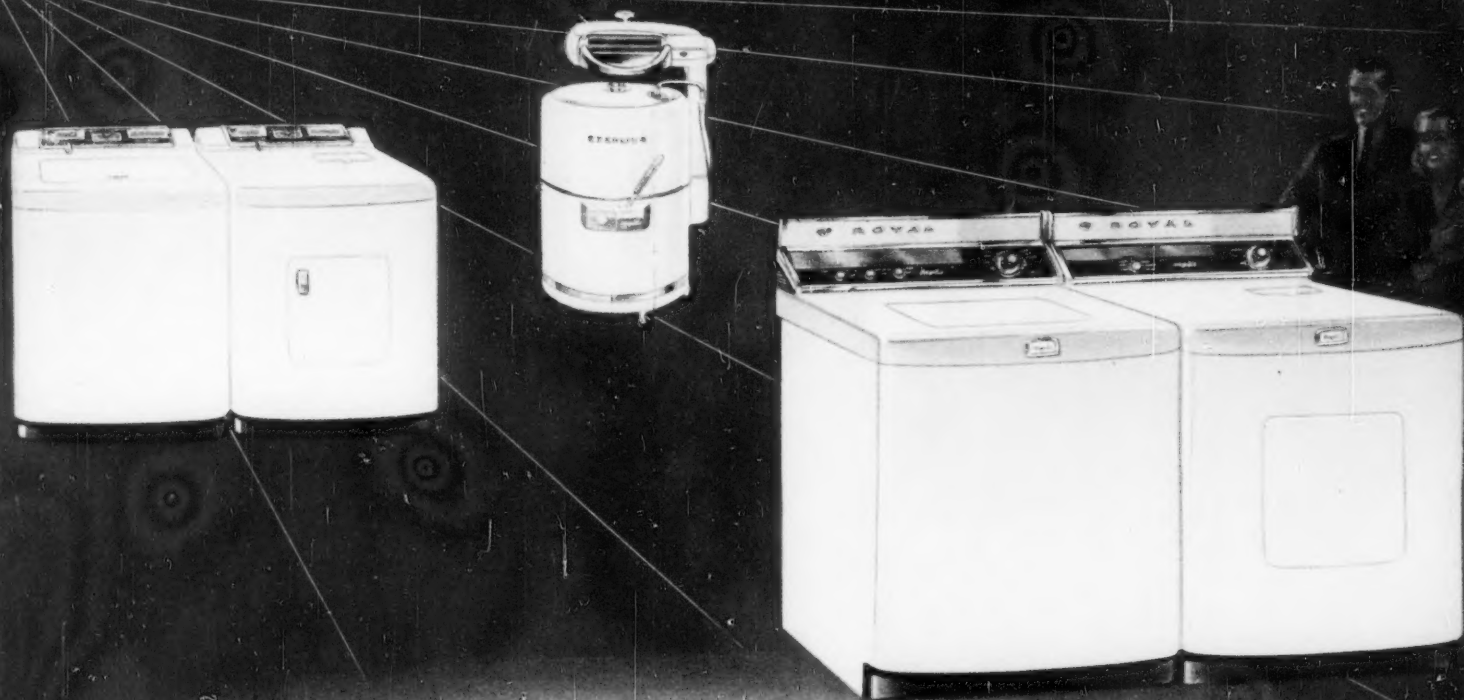


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High prices stopped the spending spree. How painful will the hangover be?

price ourselves out of the world market we were also pricing ourselves out of our own market, even among employed and prosperous workers.

The Canadian buyer quietly resisted the high prices of some non-essential goods and started to damage industries not directly concerned with the world market. Thus the spiral of inflation reached the breaking point, to be replaced overnight by a spiral of deflation.

At this point the politicians and the public look around for a whipping boy. The Conservative party blames a former Liberal government. The Liberal opposition blames the Conservative government. Everybody blames the Bank of Canada, the best whipping boy of all because it cannot defend itself and, at the present primitive stage of public knowledge, can hardly explain what it is doing or how money works.

The real villain of the piece is the public itself. But since the public is never willing to admit its own error, it is a human necessity to personalize and punish another villain. He was readily at hand and his name was Tight Money.

Actually tight money never existed. At no time did the Bank of Canada make money "tight" if by that we mean scarce. The supply of money increased as fast as the supply of goods and, indeed, a little faster. All the Bank did in recent years was hold back the supply of money from running far beyond the supply of goods.

Nor did the Bank raise interest rates, the least understood version of the tight-money legend. Rates rose of their own accord simply because the demand for investment funds exceeded the supply, forcing up the price of borrowed money.

The managers of money were not trying to restrict our prosperity but to stabilize it. They were not trying to destroy the boom but to stretch it out and avoid a bust. They were not trying to prevent useful investment but to keep it within our real means and to channel it into useful works.

But they failed—as they knew they must fail against pressures which insisted on building anything and everything, however unsound, at once. Besides, the money managers could manage money alone. Money, though a vital instrument, is not the only factor in inflation.

The Bank could refuse to create excessive money out of thin air and pump it into the spending stream, but it could not prevent an industrialist building a new plant in excess of his potential market. It could not stop him borrowing money wherever he found it at any price he chose to pay. It could not provide money for the small businessman who, going to a private bank, sometimes found that the stronger, larger firm already had borrowed the available supply at a high interest rate.

Caught between a public which expected the boom to go on forever, between politicians of all parties who promised to keep it going on forever, and a business community which was determined to expand without regard to its potential markets at home and abroad, the money managers could hope only to restrain the worst of these follies.

They knew that the nation was building, in some departments, far too fast. They knew a break would come as soon as the domestic and world market began to resist rising prices. They knew that the nation was drunk on inflation and they foresaw the hangover. The only question was how long the spree would

last and how painful the hangover would be.

The spree could last only so long as the world market was thirsty for our products and was itself drinking the heady wine of inflation as fast as we. The record shows that the world market started to sober up early last year and, by autumn, was painfully hung over.

Does all this mean that the money managers in Canada, the United States, Britain, Germany and elsewhere erred in their refusal to release a new stream of money last spring? Not at all.

Unquestionably their restraints, inadequate as they were, saved us from a major crash. Without them we would be entering another 1929 instead of a 1958 of difficult but manageable readjustment. At any rate, the deflation in demand for goods did not mean, in Canada, an end of inflation. The money managers had monetary inflation under control by the end of 1956. They had refused to create new money in the Bank of Canada and they had arrested the creation of more money, in the form of loans, through the private banking system.

Prices: up, up and up

From the beginning of 1957 the inflation ceased to be monetary. The supply of money no longer exceeded the supply of goods. In the meantime, however, a non-monetary inflation had been built into the economy by rising wages and rising prices. Not monetary policy but wages and prices were sweeping the nation toward the breaking point.

As I reported then, the economists of the central bank and the government expected retail prices to keep on rising. They did rise. They are still rising, even though the price of raw materials has fallen. And barring some unlikely accident retail prices will be higher by autumn than they are now.

We have not escaped the grip of price inflation while suffering a world-wide

economic deflation. In this situation we have encountered a factor unknown, or at least insignificant, in any former recession.

We have lurched against the power of organized labor, and the fixed or rising wage scale which often takes no account of economic realities. The position of organized labor in this equation may prove decisive, for better or worse. The question is how labor will use its power, perhaps the largest single concentration of power in contemporary North America.

In a competitive society each group, quite properly, will put its own interests first. It is ridiculous to expect labor to do anything else; childish to complain because it tries to secure for itself a larger cut of the total pie, for that is its legitimate purpose.

But what is labor's true interest in the changed conditions of 1958? Obviously it is to keep the pie as large as possible lest every slice, including labor's, be drastically reduced. We are speaking here of the hard facts of things as they exist. Those facts must convince any workingman, regardless of his ideology, that the total pie will certainly be reduced at the present time if we cannot sell a large piece of it on the world market.

If our wages and hence our prices are too high we shall not sell that slice and the chief victim will not be the capitalist, who can look after himself, but the workingman who loses his job.

Probably the largest economic question before us, therefore, is whether labor can discern its own interest, or whether labor will demand more than the traffic can bear. If so, it will be the passengers in the day coaches, not in the Pullman, who will suffer most.

We face, or should face, an alarming economic fact: our national productivity—the amount of goods that the average worker produces in a day's work—has fallen in the past year although our mechanical efficiency has increased. The fall was slight but definite. Yet in the

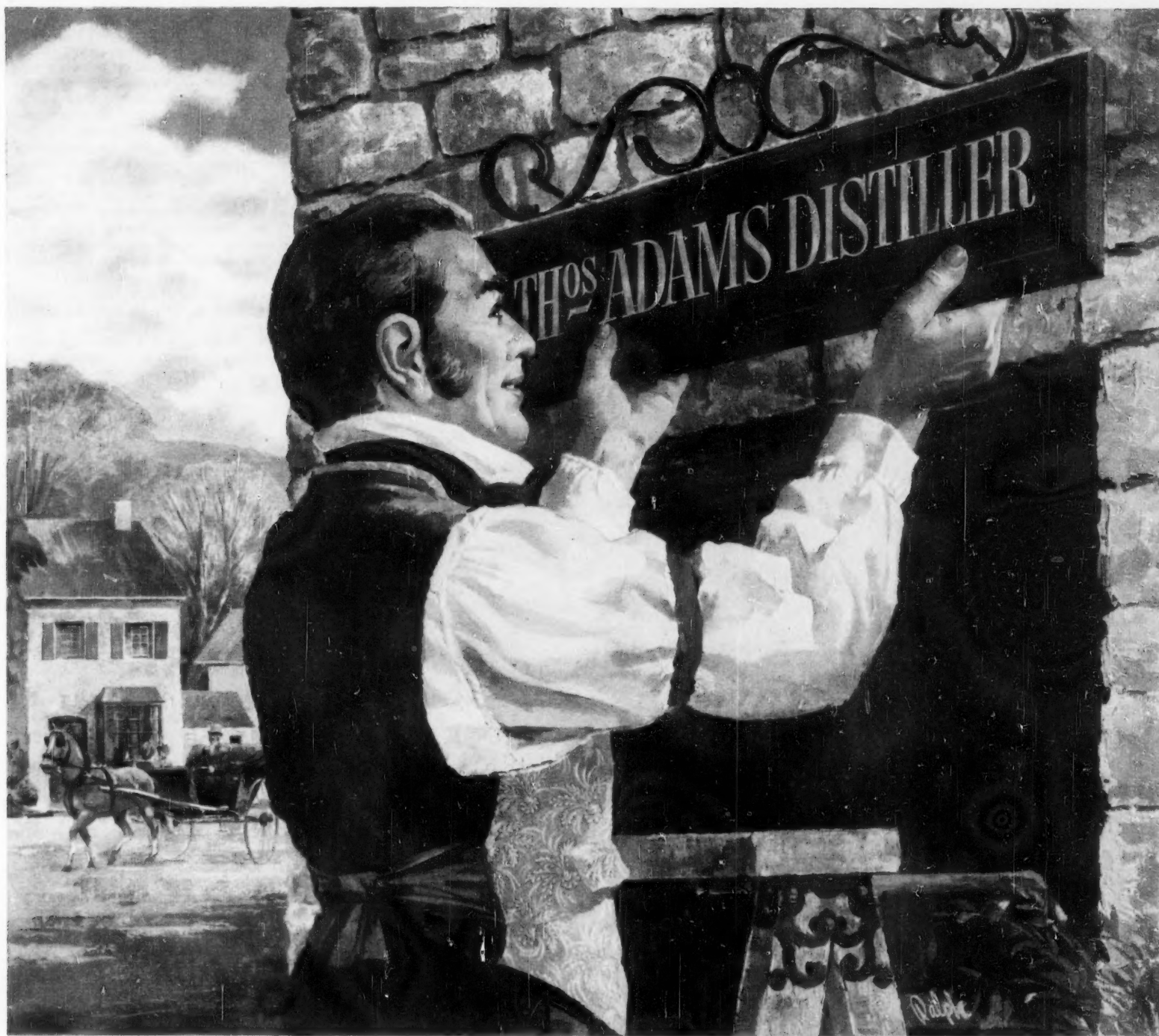
JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

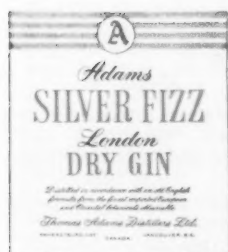
"He says he's lost."



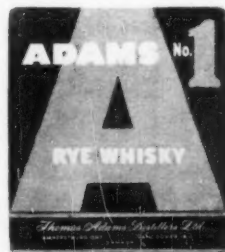
... and thereby grew a tradition

When United Empire Loyalist Thomas Adams opened his distillery in Niagara, his concern was to make the finest product within his knowledge and ability. Today, the products of Thomas Adams Distillers Limited continue to reflect this philosophy.

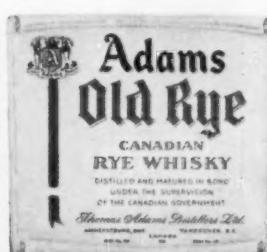
Adams Antique—a Collector's Item—and each of the truly superb Adams brands is the finest Canadian rye whisky in its class. You have an adventure in good taste awaiting you. Start serving—and enjoying—Adams Whisky and Adams Gin soon.



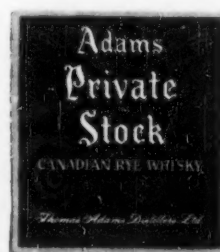
SILVER FIZZ GIN



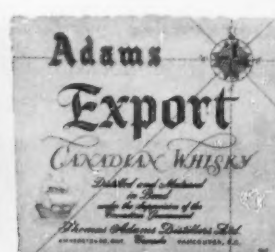
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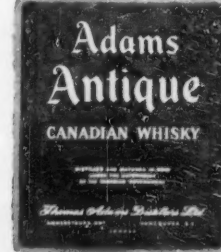
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A Collector's Item

same period wages on average rose by about seven percent.

Under those conditions prices had to rise even if profits were squeezed or entirely eliminated. Such are the grim facts in the early months of 1958 as a political campaign begins to blur and confuse them. While the politicians are engaged in a post-mortem on the boom and a carnival of promises for the future, the practical question today is not how we got into this jam but how we can get out of it.

To this end the money managers be-

gan to move quietly but firmly in the middle of last year, when they saw that the long-expected breaking point was close at hand. Interest rates slipped in the autumn by the same law of supply and demand which had raised them in the first place. As borrowers became less eager for borrowed funds the price of money fell, along with the stock market and for the same reason—the prospects of business looked increasingly unattractive. In this new situation the money managers had to ask themselves whether they should intervene and drive down

interest rates still further by issuing an increased supply of money.

Though few Canadians noted it at the time the central Bank decided to intervene last September, but cautiously. The total supply of money was quietly increased, over a period of weeks, by about four hundred million dollars. The private banks were encouraged to lend as much money as possible to sound borrowers. The monetary brakes were released and the accelerator applied.

But with non-monetary inflation still underway it would have been madness

to attempt to cure a recession still relatively mild by a massive monetary inflation. And in any case, no monetary inflation could possibly cure the recession.

The money managers had also to consider the long-term effects of an excessively low interest rate. It would defraud all savers of a reasonable return on their money, just as some had already been defrauded, by inflation, of half their capital. It would discourage future saving needed to finance the public works of the government and the private development of resources. Moreover, the Bank's eminent ex-governor, Graham Towers, has recently denied with uncharacteristic passion that a deliberate monetary inflation, even on a small orderly scale, can be a good thing.

In the view of Mr. Towers and of his successor James Coyne there can be no safe continuing inflation, however small, any more than there can be a half pregnancy.

Either we stop inflation in its tracks, these men say, or it will not only destroy our economic system and our savings but will also destroy our whole society. There is a breaking point on which Towers recently placed a firm finger. When this point is reached, he said—that is, when the public begins to lose confidence in the value of money—a flight from money follows. People refuse to save, government and private bonds cannot be sold, boom leads to bust and the whole financial structure collapses.

Far worse, confidence in government itself collapses and society is fractured in the struggle between the benefactors and the victims of the debacle.

After money, what?

To men like Towers and Coyne money is thus something much more important than a mechanism of economics; its stability is the supreme test of a stable society; its ruin assures the ruin of any state. It is not too early to ask ourselves whether we are moving toward that end.

Apart from money we have to ask ourselves what other device we can use to cure the recession and recover our former prosperity. If that question is answered candidly the answer must disappoint a generation of Canadians who escaped the great depression and have been spoon-fed for years on impossible expectations.

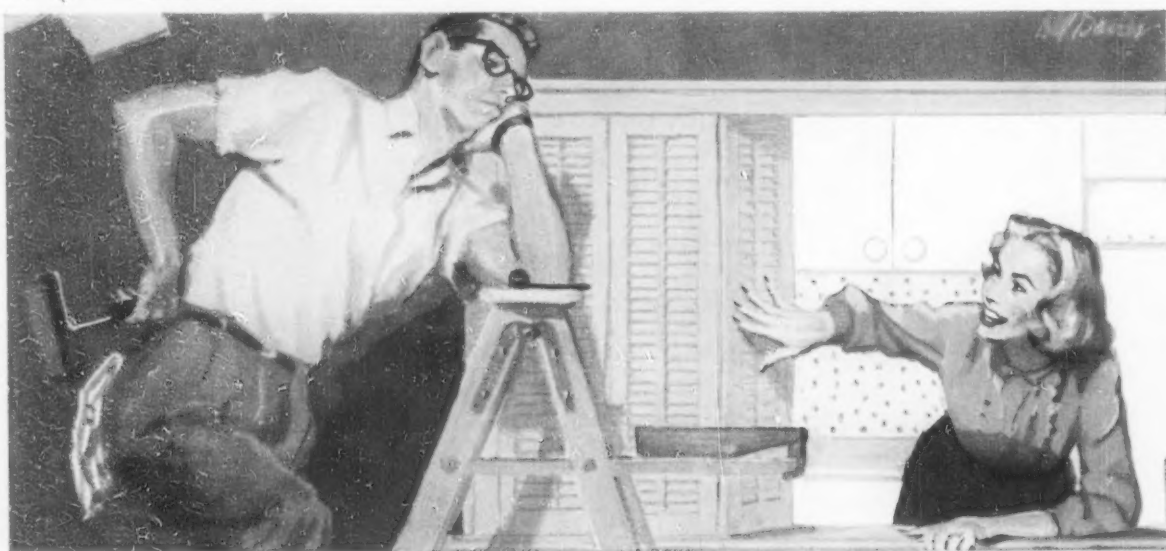
There simply is no easy way, and probably no quick way, out of the recession. A full economic recovery in Canada is entirely outside our own control, no matter what the election orators may say.

No interest rate, however low, can compel an investor to borrow and build a factory if he foresees no profit in it. No amount of government spending, however large, can enable the Canadian people to eat all their surplus wheat or use all their lumber, paper and metals. No amount of monetary inflation, even if it put a million dollars into every Canadian's pocket today, can insulate us from the world market where about a fifth of our total production must be sold. Without abundant sales there, our economy must languish because that fifth makes all the difference between good times and bad.

Certainly government spending can cushion the recession, but alone it cannot rescue us from the post-boom hang-over.

We must therefore, for the most part, rely on two reasonable possibilities, one internal, the other external.

Internally we have to grow up into our oversized productive capacity. The



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length of that growing period will depend on our population growth and the prosperity of the average family. Prosperity and consumption will depend very largely, in turn, upon our sales in the world market.

Externally our sales in the world market will depend on the condition of the market and on our ability to meet its prices. Our economic future hangs primarily on conditions in the United States. We may not like it but this is a fact, not only for us but for every nation in the free world.

What are conditions in the U.S.?

In Washington and New York I quickly realized, as I should have realized before I left Ottawa, that the American business situation differs fundamentally from ours. The American economy is almost self-contained, selling most of its goods in its own market and giving away what it cannot sell abroad. Canada is a generation or more away from anything like a similar self-containment if, indeed, that is a desirable state.

Today the American economy, so far as government can manage it, is being managed on lines laid down by a man long dead. The late Maynard Keynes visited Washington in the hideous spring of 1934, could not explain his theories to President Roosevelt, and went back to Britain quite disenchanted with the New Deal. He left behind an economic time bomb.

It will be exploded this year, if it is needed, by a Republican government, the enemy but imitator of the New Deal.

President Eisenhower's administration is prepared to prime the American pump by deficit spending. This Keynesian remedy will be applied within the next few months unless business shows definite signs of recovery.

If any economy fits the Keynesian theory of "compensatory spending" it is the relatively self-contained economy of the United States. If any pump can be primed, it is the American pump. Nevertheless the American government's spending cannot of itself cure the recession, because the greater part of all spending—about five sixths at present—is controlled by the millions of private spenders.

As one of America's most powerful businessmen put it to me in Wall Street the other day: "The sixty-four-dollar question this year is whether Joe Doakes will buy a new automobile or its equivalent. If he decides to buy we'll see the beginnings of prosperity in the autumn. If not, there'll be no real recovery this

year. The problem is mostly psychological."

The truth, as everyone admits privately in Washington and New York, is that no one really knows what will happen to American business this year because no one can foresee the buying habits and changing whims of the Doakes family.

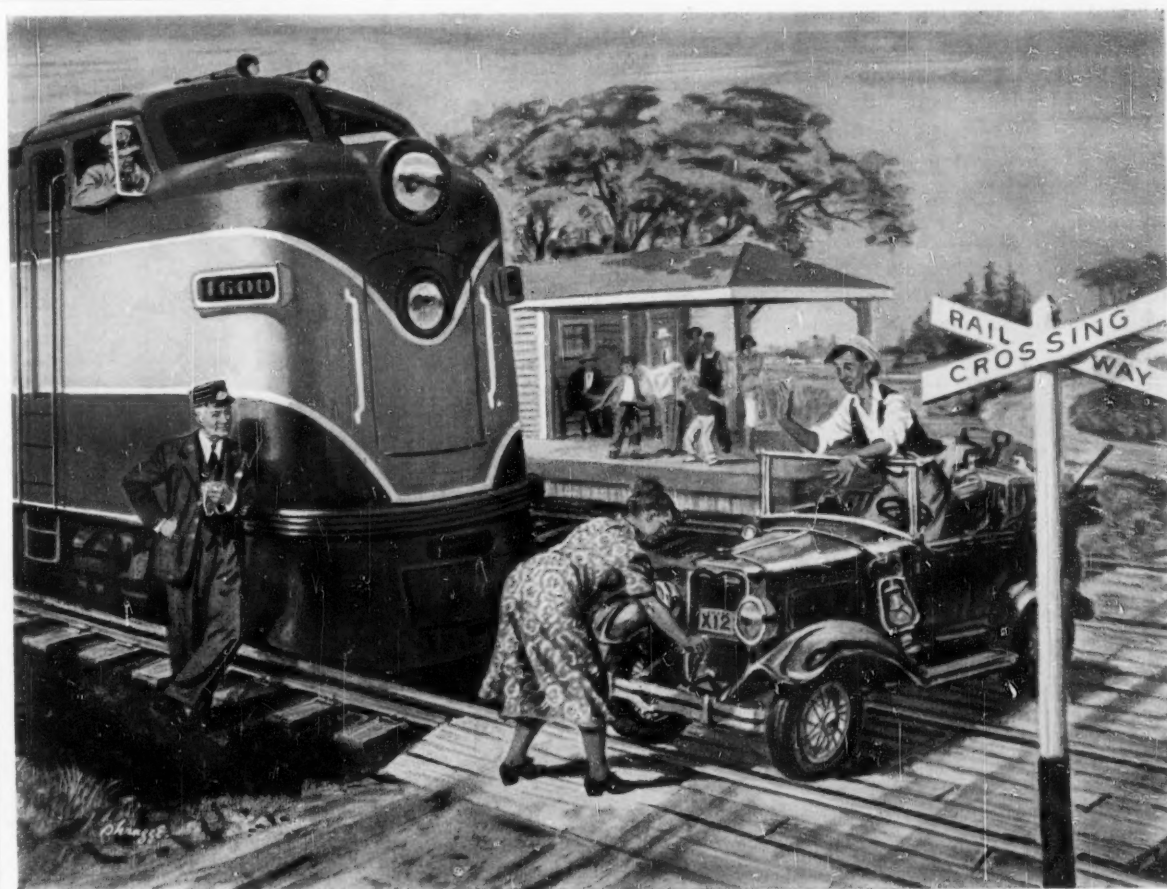
Here we can see, though, that an improvement in the American situation will greatly ease ours, provided it goes far enough to increase the demand for our goods. Even that improvement cannot completely cure the hangover of our

boom. A real cure will take some time. In the meanwhile, given a world recovery, we can enjoy a high prosperity short of our recent boom level.

Two potential dangers are imbedded in the cure already underway on both sides of the border.

The first is that the United States treasury, if it is sufficiently frightened by the look of the economy or pressed hard enough by the politicians in an election year, will not finance its extra expenditures and deficits by borrowing real money now in existence but will create

new money. This can be done quickly and almost invisibly through the sale of government bonds to the private banks. Money borrowed from the public does not increase the total money supply but merely transfers part of it from one holder to another. Money raised by issuing fresh government bonds and selling them to the banks widens the whole money base. At first its effect will hardly be noticed by the public. But a little later on, as business improves and Doakes is in a spending mood, he will have more money to spend. With it he



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Who is it?

English-born, she lived in Canada, where in a war she launched a career with laughs. Turn to page 38 to see who she grew up to be.

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A Personal Matter...

Just as there are many types of people, there are many types of investors. Some have substantial amounts to invest . . . many more have medium amounts. Some are familiar with the basic elements of sound investment, others have had little experience . . . or, in fact, no experience at all. With some, safety is a chief concern, others regard income as more important, and an increasing number are interested in acquiring sound securities with growth possibilities.

All this really means that no two people have *exactly* the same investment problem because no two requirements are *exactly* alike. But despite many differences there is one thing common to all investors . . . it is that every person's investment problem is a very personal matter . . . a subject that he doesn't care to discuss with just anyone but, nevertheless, a subject on which he will often welcome experienced help.

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Ever drink
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Posy and Jack who are coming in tonight used to be very 'label conscious'. It didn't matter what anything tasted like—they'd read the label before they'd venture an opinion.

Last time, we served them my favorite wine—Canadian "74" Sherry—but I covered the label with my hand. Posy used the word 'delightful'. Jack said it had 'character'. They're good sports—and "74" fans now, too. They agree now that the important thing is not the label on the bottle, but the wine *in* the bottle.



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I enjoyed reading 'The Story of President Champagne'.
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will start again to bid prices up, renewing the inflation cycle.

That is exactly what happened after World War II—the huge wartime addition to the money supply, needed to finance the war, was hidden by price controls, rationing, high taxes and patriotic restraint in the buying habits of the ordinary family. The dam of tissue paper broke as soon as the war was over. The accumulated new money rushed out and tumbled the value of money by about fifty percent in ten years of inflationary boom.

All this could happen again if the American money supply is seriously inflated now.

Even if Canada refused to follow such a policy it could not escape the effects, since rising American prices must carry our prices with them in the daily exchange of goods across the border.

The second danger is that deficits will be incurred for the wrong purposes and will become unmanageable later on. It is one thing to prime the pump by deliberate deficit budgeting for a brief period. It is quite another thing to increase the permanent running costs of government.

Public works, for example, can be turned on or off as the economic climate suggests. But additions to government services and overhead costs can never be turned off in practical politics. They will not only remain in the budget but will increase as more people must be provided with the services.

The platforms are loaded

Of course the increasing cost of such things will not reduce the real income of the ordinary family so long as *its* wealth is increasing just as rapidly. A man whose income is doubled will not be hurt if his taxes are doubled at the same time.

This is fine in theory. But in fact we seem determined at the moment to increase permanent government spending (as distinguished from temporary deficits) considerably faster than we can increase our real national income.

Such is the obvious meaning of the platforms erected during the last year by both our political parties in their effort to outbid each other for electoral support. Both platforms are loaded with potential inflation.

Given a rise in permanent government costs faster than the rise in national income, one of two things must happen: either the average citizen must turn over a larger share of his income to the state in taxes or, more likely, the state will finance part of its costs by inflating the currency as most states have done for the last two decades.

Politically it is hard to levy taxes; it is easy to inflate the currency when nobody is looking and when most people do not understand what is happening anyway.

As Keynes, the high priest of government spending, once remarked, the public is snug abed, in the dead of night, when the plug of monetary inflation is pulled. The ensuing flood of price increases is not observed for some time afterwards and then it is too late to identify the persons who pulled the plug. Assuredly it will be pulled again during the next year or so if we don't keep our eyes glued on it.

What should we have learned from our experience of inflation?

We should have learned at least that the process of monetary inflation has repudiated the state's solemn guarantee to savers and lenders; that the value of savings has been cut in half; and that if the

process continues at the same speed our dollar will be almost worthless a generation hence.

We should have learned that "tight money" will always be painful for some people but, in times of inflationary pressure, is necessary to protect all the people from ruin.

We should have learned that this whole subject was wildly confused, often deliberately misrepresented, and generally misunderstood last year because a complex subject was plunged into the middle of a deranged election campaign.

We should have learned from this experience that the general run of politicians understand money little better than the general run of voters; that the management of money is a task too complicated and volatile to be entrusted directly to politics but should remain in the hands of experts, as the Bank of Canada Act provides; and that after the Liberal defeat of last June it will be a brave government indeed that will ever again risk the unpopularity of sound, or "tight," money even when it is needed.

We should have learned that we, the public, compelled the inflation by our excessive demands for goods and then assured a deflation by building a productive plant in excess of our market.

We should have learned, in short, that our own ignorance lies at the root of all these troubles.

What we need above all in our economic system is not better machines, wiser management or more intelligent labor—though all of these are needed—but an economically literate public mind.

As a first step in its education I respectfully propose that the great mass of the people—the consumers, who must pay rising prices, the savers who own life-insurance policies or a few dollars in the bank, the ordinary citizens who ask no state charity but expect the state to keep its financial covenant with them—shall organize themselves into a new pressure group.

Unorganized, disregarded and weak, the people are no match for the great pressure groups of politics, management, labor and agriculture.

Certainly they are no match for the subtlest and most dangerous pressure of all which, in varying guises, is named inflation. Faceless, ingratiating and full of fair promises, his purpose is ruin, his method is slow, sweet poison. His latest achievement is the mess we are now in and his intended victim is no one but you. ★



Answer to

Who is it? on page 37

Anna Russell, the internationally known concert comedienne, made her home near Toronto where, during World War II, she first found showbusiness fame by entertaining war workers.



How the "Pocket Rocket" beat his kid-brother jinx

Continued from page 27

second place. There was a certain disposition around the league to credit Henri's lofty position to the fact that he was passing the puck to the game's greatest scorer, and every time the Rocket put the puck in the net the chances were that Henri had been able to pick up an assist.

Instead of skidding when Maurice was hurt, however, Henri continued to blossom on a makeshift line assembled by coach Toe Blake, who switched Dickie Moore to Maurice's right-wing spot and inserted Marcel Bonin at left wing. The seldom-used Bonin had had NHL experience at Boston and Detroit but had spent the 1956-57 season with the Quebec Aces in the Quebec Hockey League. Though the line should have lacked the cohesion of familiarity, young Richard continued to pile up the scoring points and by mid-February he and linemate Moore were engaged in a tight dual for the league's scoring championship.

One of his more remarkable performances came after he himself had been forced to the sidelines with an injury to his left knee. He stayed home and took physiotherapy while the Canadiens played a scoreless tie in Toronto on December 4 and then insisted on playing the following night when the same two teams played in the Forum.

Early in the game he had a chance at the Toronto net but was forced wide by a defenseman. Instead of shooting from a bad angle he took the puck toward the backboards, evaded the thrust of a Leaf trying to pin him against the boards and stickhandled long enough for his wingman Marcel Bonin to get into position for a pass in front of the Toronto net. Henri's quick flip to Bonin resulted in the first goal.

In the third period the Leafs came back to take a 3-to-2 lead with four minutes to play. The versatile Henri got the puck inside the Toronto blueline. When a forward came to check him he whirled in a complete circle with the puck, cutting past the defender and drawing a defenseman to check him. He stickhandled past him and flipped the puck to the uncovered Bonin standing at the side of the net for the tying goal. When Dickie Moore scored the winning goal with only twenty seconds to play, his second of the night, the Henri Richard line had scored all the goals in a 4-to-3 Canadian victory.

Richard's attributes on the ice, in addition to such dexterity, include a quick, hard wrist shot, which had given him twenty-four goals by mid-February, and skating speed that his coach Toe Blake says is the league's fastest.

"In fact," says Blake, a former great scorer for the Canadiens, "he's the fastest skater I've ever seen in hockey."

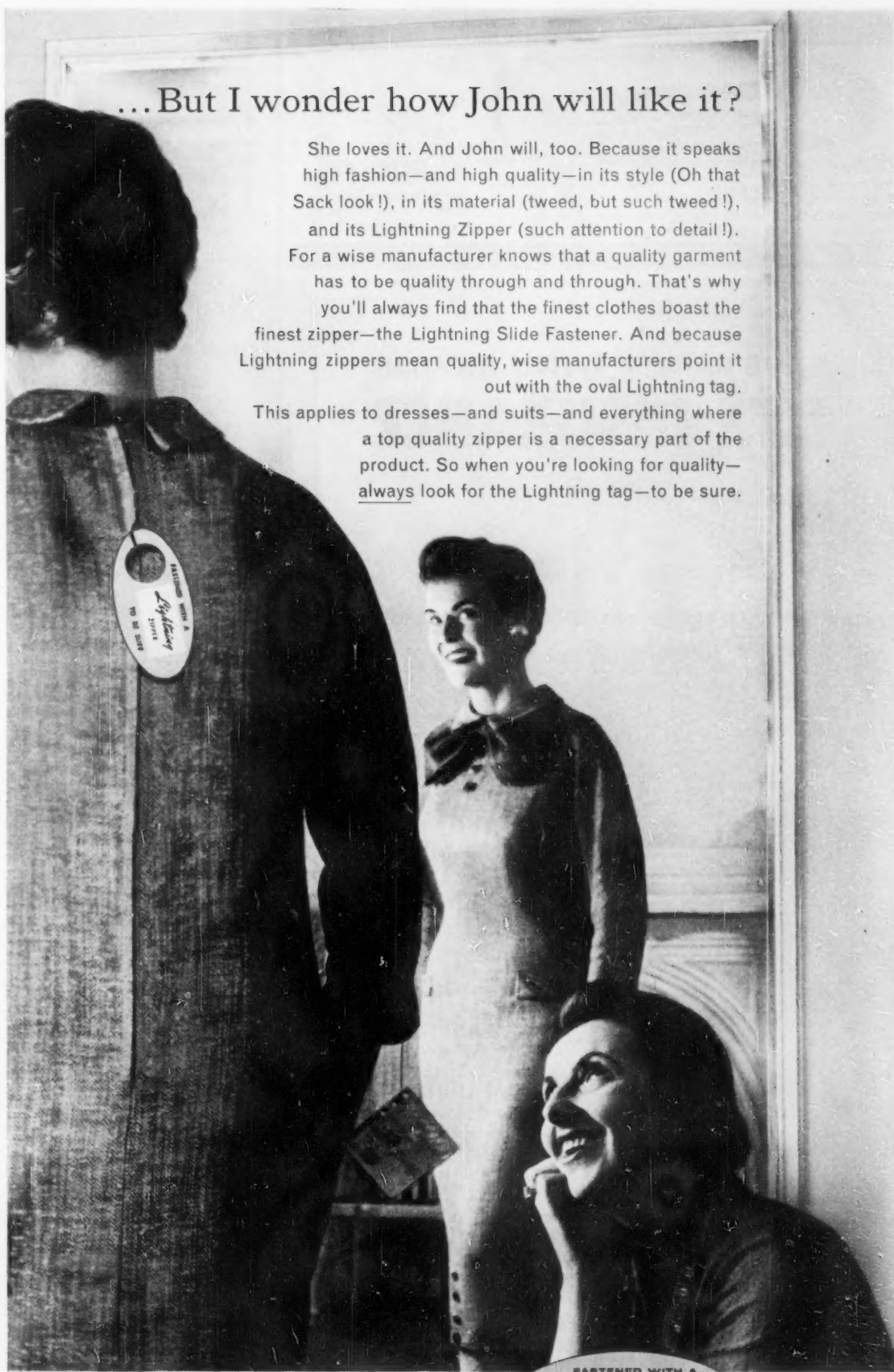
"Faster than Morenz?" his interviewer enquired with the surprise of one who had always heard that the late Howie Morenz of the Canadiens was hockey's fastest.

"I didn't see too much of Morenz," parried Blake, who broke into the NHL with the old Montreal Maroons in 1934, three years before a broken leg ended Morenz' career, "but from what I saw of

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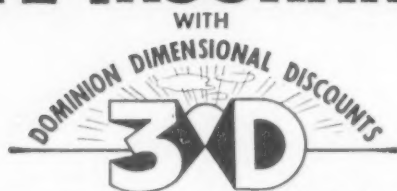
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My most memorable meal: No. 37

Robert Thomas Allen

tells about



The feast that fell flat

My most memorable meal was a Thanksgiving dinner when I was about twelve. The parents and sister of two brothers I spent most of my time with were suddenly called away for the day and it was arranged that we three boys could try our hand at cooking a small turkey and making our own meal.

We were given full instructions, which we followed with much horseplay, and, as the smells began to emanate from the big wood range, we went around clumping one another on the back and chortling with satisfaction, joined in spirit by the boys' dog, a fawning, ingratiating, clobber-footed hound called Louis. Actually, we cooked a pretty good meal, with mashed potatoes and turnips.

What made it memorable was that we were on our own, free of sisters and mothers and able to dispense with such things as bread-and-butter plates, napkins, butter knives, manners and all civilized restraint. We heaped mounds of mashed potatoes on our plates, took all the gravy the plates would hold, eliminated sissified thin slicing and just cut the turkey in chunks to match our appetites. If someone reached across the table and clawed off a choice piece, no-

body sent him from the table. We just laughed and cursed and kept on eating.

About half way through the meal we all got quiet. Nobody finished his mountainous serving. We weren't laughing any more and when we cursed it was without spirit. Even Louis, who had never before been slipped so many snacks, looked a bit glassy eyed.

We cleaned up the dishes dully and wandered off in different directions, not talking. I wasn't able to think of turkey with any sense of pleasure for quite a while. Whenever, afterward, the meal was mentioned we had to make an effort to pretend we'd had a wonderful time.

Actually, we had all had an early lesson that joy and lack of restraint are not synonymous; that there's something to be said for women's ways; and that there is real value in etiquette, formality and civilization.

A few days later I began eating with zest again, but from then on, whenever I momentarily let my appetite run away with me, I practically glowed with pleasure when my mother leaned across a corner of the table, rapped me behind the ear with her knuckle and said, "You're at the table!"

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him, yes, I'd have to say that young Richard is faster. Certainly there's not a player in the league today he can't pull away from—carrying the puck, too."

Possibly the most significant sign that Henri is now a recognized big-leaguer in his own right came recently when Billy Reay, coach of the Maple Leafs, was asked what he thought of Richard's ability.

"Which Richard?" asked Reay.

Similarly, rival players no longer think of Maurice when the flashing form of Henri manipulates the puck past the players' bench. The younger *frère* has proven he belongs, and he is nothing more or less now than an elusive, crouching, mercurial skater wearing number 16, difficult to hit because of his low-slung style, and one more of a seemingly endless number of *Habitant* forwards who can put the puck in the net with depressing ardor and consistency—such men as Jean Beliveau, Boom Boom Geoffrion, Dickie Moore and the Rocket. Henri did it the same way he bypassed the physical and psychological roadblocks—with relentless persistence and determination.

Henri, a serious quiet young man at most times, says he cannot remember a time when his ambition was to do any-

thing else but play for the Canadiens. He has an occasional warm try at humor. "If I did not play hockey," he smiles in his accented English, "then I'd have to work. I wouldn't like dat."

And so as a youngster he skated and skated and skated. When he was six his brother Maurice bought him his first pair of skates, and he went to *le ruisseau*, the little stream in Bordeaux, every day after school and every evening after supper. As he grew older and made a place on the school team, he played hockey on the outdoor rinks of the quiet little parish after school and all day Saturdays and Sundays. In the evenings when hockey gave way to general skating, he skated without a stop from seven until the lights went out at 10.30, with a red-haired, brown-eyed girl named Lise Villiard. Henri's and Lise's older sisters were classmates who got the youngsters skating together when Henri was ten.

"She didn't skate with any other fellow," smiles Henri, "an' I didn't skate with another girl."

Two years ago Henri married Lise and bought a home in their native Bordeaux where they now have a year-old baby girl, Michèle.

As a youngster Henri rarely saw his

famous big brother except on the ice. He was six when Maurice moved from the family home to marry black-haired Lucille Nochet. That left seven Richard children at home—four sons and three daughters, Henri being the second youngest child. They lived in a three-story, red-brick house on the edge of Bordeaux, which their father Onésime built thirty-eight years ago. Onésime is a lean reserved man of fifty-eight who has been building freight cars in the CPR's Angus shops near Montreal for forty-two years. Old friends such as Hector Dubois, the CPR station master in the parish, say that the fierce resolution for which Maurice is renowned and with which Henri made his way to the NHL is the heritage of Onésime.

"He is a determined worker of humble character," says Dubois. "One year after he married Alice Laramée of the parish of St. Sacrement he built his own house in partnership with his father, and became its sole proprietor without any government help or subsidies. It was remarkable at that time."

Every morning Onésime catches a commuter train at Bordeaux to ride to the Angus shops, a small impassive man pacing the wooden platform in front of Bordeaux's dull-red frame station. One morning, the day after young Henri had returned to the Canadiens' lineup to help beat Toronto, Guy Huot, a family friend also waiting for the train, engaged Onésime in what Huot says was a conversation typical of all those of the last fifteen years.

"Que pensez-vous de la partie d'hier?" asked Huot. ("What do you think of the game last night?")

"Une bonne partie," said Richard père noncommittally.

"Henri a fait plus que sa part," ventured Huot. ("Henri did more than his share.")

"Il a bien joué," agreed Richard shortly.

At this point, says Huot, the train arrives to end the conversation, or the train does not arrive and the conversation ends.

During Canadian games at the Forum, Richard père is similarly unmoved. He stares solemnly at the game and the only time he shows emotion is if one of the boys scores a goal. Then, with a quick movement of his clenched right fist, like a fighter delivering a sharp hook, he'll cry out, "Maurice!" if it's the Rocket who has scored, or "Henri!" and then return to his stolid vigilance.

Family friends say all eight of the Richard children have this reserve, and Madame Richard, too, is a quiet woman, built along the comfortable lines of television's Madame Plouffe. Toe Blake, the Canadian coach, tells of a time when an American reporter, desirous of interviewing Henri, asked Blake if the young player spoke English.

"I'm not sure that he even speaks French," Blake smiled. "He just doesn't speak."

Maurice and Henri rarely exchange a word in the Canadian dressing room and if they do it's perfunctory. Maurice never gives Henri advice, and never has. And Henri is so constituted that he never asks for it, and never has. Guy Huot, the family friend in Bordeaux, explains it.

"You know, those guy, they won't give—how you say it?—counsel?" he says.

"Counsel?" it was suggested.

"Oui, counsel—ah—instruction," he adds emphatically. "Those guy in that family never give it. And Henri doesn't want it. He wants to make his own way. He is relentless."

Henri is unstinting in his praise of his brother—"No one ever will do as well

as he has done"—yet theirs is not the usual brotherly relationship. "When he left home I was so young," says Henri. "I'd hardly ever see him. He was like any other guy." It may be significant that when Henri's parents took him to the Forum to watch the Canadiens he did not have eyes for the Rocket. When he was asked what seemed to be a ridiculous question, "Who was your favorite player?" Henri replied, "Ted Kennedy and Elmer Lach, and Red Kelly, too."

"Why?"

"Well, Kennedy and Lach would al-

ways get the face-offs. And they would work like hell, too."

"And Kelly?"

"He would skate so well, and play defense and forward both."

"What about Gordie Howe?"

"He seemed kind of lazy," said Henri. And then he added quickly. "But of course he is very good."

"And what about Maurice?"

"Oh, Maurice," he said, savoring the name. "Nobody else could score a goal like him."

Henri, then, in striving to make the

NHL, patterned himself after such dogged players as Kennedy of Toronto and Lach of the Canadiens, and such smooth effortless skaters as Kelly. And that is his game today—great skating ability and tireless persistence. He does not have Maurice's sudden explosive burst, and even though he is now accepted in his own right he still betrays a certain apprehensiveness of the day that the Rocket retires.

"When he is gone, if I don't do so well as he did—well, I won't do so well as that—but if I don't do real well, the people



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they will remember him and for sure they're gonna say something." He says this with real concern, his soft brown eyes wistful.

Unwanted, the shadow of the Rocket was on young Henri even when he'd visit the homes of his school friends. He thinks he was about eight when a boy introduced him to his father.

"So you're Rocket Richard's little brother?" said the man, smiling.

"Oui," said Henri shortly, and turned away.

When he was fourteen his brother Maurice told Pete Morin, coach of the junior Montreal Nationales, that he was going to send his young brother around to see him. Henri showed up in the dressing room, a tiny fellow weighing a hundred and five pounds.

"Who are you?" asked Morin when he noticed the boy.

"Henri Richard."

"Are you the Rocket's brother?" asked Morin, surprised at his youth and size.

"I am Henri Richard," replied the youngster.

Recently he was asked if he had ever introduced himself to anyone as Maurice Richard's brother.

"No, no," he said quickly. "I hate that."

He played against older and bigger players all through his junior days with the Nationales and the Canadiens. Sam Pollock, the Canadian coach, says Henri never went out of his way to find trouble—"He was never chippy"—but he never backed down from it.

He took his beating

This, apparently, is an innate quality. From the dregs of his memory Henri can recall that when he was ten a school bully of fifteen blackened his eye in an altercation the cause of which escapes him. "Everybody was afraid of that guy," he remembers, "but I didn't want to run away. I was afraid of that guy but I wasn't going to show him." Henri stood his ground and took a beating.

He still was eligible for a year of junior hockey when he attended the training camp of the professional Canadiens in the fall of 1955. Again he demonstrated this determination. He met his friend Guy Huot outside the Forum after a practice one day and Guy asked him if he thought he'd make the grade.

"The general manager and the coach don't want me," Henri told Huot, "but I am going to make them obliged to get me."

Toe Blake, the coach, recalls that he had no alternative but to sign Henri.

"When he was on the ice, nobody else had the puck," says Blake. "No matter who I lined him up with, that line always had the best scoring record in a given practice."

It is typical of the relationship of the Richard brothers that Maurice made no effort to influence the management's decision on Henri. Once after a practice Dick Bacon of the British United Press asked him how Henri was doing.

"He's ready now," the Rocket told him. "Did you tell anybody that?" asked Bacon.

"No," Richard said, "it's up to the club to decide."

When the season opened, the Canadiens decided to keep Henri on a three-game trial basis, meaning that he could play three games in the NHL without jeopardizing his "amateur" standing; he could be returned to the junior Habitants where he'd be paid, all right, but he'd still be recognized by the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association under its unfathomable definition of an amateur.

When Boom Boom Geoffrion was injured, coach Blake installed Henri at right wing beside Jean Beliveau and Bert Olmstead and he scored his first NHL goal against the New York Rangers on Oct. 15, 1955, in a game in which the Rocket scored twice as the Canadiens won 4 to 1.

Blake moved Henri around from game to game but resisted all impulse to team him with his brother.

"I figured they might be jumpy together," the coach recalls. "Also, I thought Rock might pass up a lot of scoring chances to feed the puck to Henri."

But then in a game against Chicago in the Forum the Canadiens ran into a couple of minor injuries and Blake had no alternative but to team the brothers. They had never before played on a line, even in practice sessions, but in the third period Henri flipped a pass to Maurice for a goal and, as Blake says, "that was it." He teamed them with Dickie Moore. He says now that far from Maurice helping Henri, he feels Henri may have helped prolong the Rocket's career.

"Henri puts a lot of speed into the line and the Rocket has to skate faster than he ever did before," Blake notes. "And, oddly enough, it's turned Rock into a better playmaker than he ever was, possibly because he's trying to give the puck to Henri."

At first Maurice had a low boiling point when Henri became involved in exchanges with bigger players, and he'd speed to his rescue. But then once, with Maurice in the penalty box, Henri and Bill Gadsby of the Rangers began jostling in a corner.

"He came driving at me with his stick up high," says Henri. "I hit him and he fell to the ice. That was just lucky—if he'd hit me first maybe I'd go down. The first punch is important."

The brief fight was a revelation to Maurice. "I know now he can take care of himself," the Rocket says. "The first year I was worried, I feel funny. I like to get hold of that fellow who hit Henri. But now I hold back."

But on the ice or in the dressing room he has few words for his brother. If Henri scores, he skates past him, says, "C'est bon, Henri," and lets it go at that.

All question of the Rocket "carrying" Henri has long since passed. As defenseman Tom Johnson of the Canadiens says pointedly, "I don't think you'll find too many hockey players in this league who get carried by anybody."

Muzz Patrick, general manager of the New York Rangers, recently provided graphic, if indirect, proof of Henri's complete acceptance by rival NHLers when he encountered Dink Carroll of the Montreal Gazette in a hotel lobby.

"I hear there's another Richard called Claude, playing for the junior Canadiens," said Patrick. "What kind of a hockey player is he?"

"Well," said Carroll, "his name is Richard so you've got to consider him."

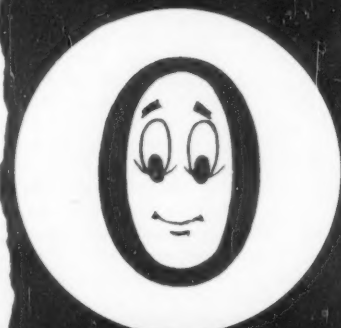
"My gawd," said Patrick in dismay, "didn't Madame Richard have any daughters?" ★

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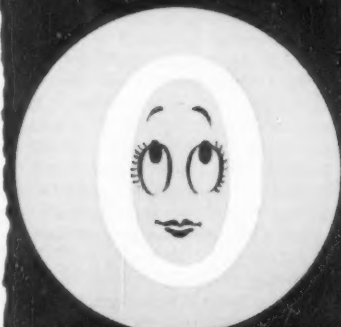
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London Letter

Continued from page 10

part of the flight was to Munich and there is no evidence that the plane developed any defects on that part of the flight.

It was snowing at Munich when the pilot taxied to the take-off runway. Survivors stated that the engines had apparently developed some trouble. At any rate the pilot stopped while he tested everything. Again he revved for a take-off and again he stopped and taxied back to the apron for a check. The third time he taxied into position and decided to go full out.

Survivors said that within minutes of the take-off the plane appeared to be breaking up. There was an ominous rolling motion and the luggage hurtled from the racks. Small fires broke out in the luggage section. When the stricken craft hit the ground parts of the engines were thrown forward for a hundred and fifty yards. Seven players as well as eight journalists and six officials were killed.

Those are the unadorned facts but it is not too much to say that the whole of Britain was shocked and grieved. The television programs were interrupted again and again to give items of news. Manchester was a city of horror and suspense.

The desperate last act

The British press, as the press of any other nation would have done, realized that this was a story of immense, if tragic, interest and flew their reporters and photographers to Bonn or to any other airdrome where they could come down reasonably near Munich. In the meantime the Queen had sent a message of sympathy to the Lord Mayor of Manchester: "I am deeply shocked to hear of the accident to the plane carrying players and newspapermen back from Belgrade. Please convey my sympathy to the relatives of those who have been killed and to the injured."

So far I have set down the plain facts of a pitiful tragedy played like a cruel, ironic satire against the background of sport. But now we must move into the fierce zone of controversy.

The journalists and cameramen had been sent flying into the night to carry out their assignment. And what was that assignment? It was to describe the scenes at the hospital where doctors and surgeons were fighting to save the lives of men they had never seen or heard of before. We at home, watching our television screens, saw the wounded men and the devoted surgeons in the desperate last act of the winter tragedy.

It was not until the Tuesday morning that the whole affair took a different turn. The top letter to The Times was from Mr. Anthony H. Milward, chief executive of British European Airways, the corporation which had supplied the airplane that crashed.

In withering terms Mr. Milward described what he saw in the hospital at Munich. He had flown out especially and he was horrified by the horde of British press photographers "waiting for a chance to photograph victims in the wards."

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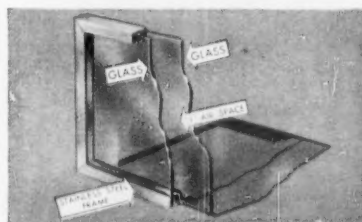
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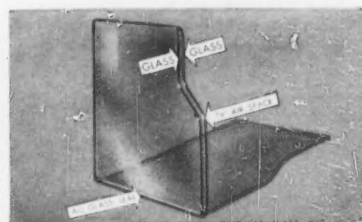
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When he ventured his protest to the surgeons they gave the icy reply: "They are your countrymen."

"I hope," wrote Mr. Milward, "that I may be spared from seeing again the flash of camera bulbs from six or more photographers at a time as I walked into the ward in which three men were fighting for their lives, in order to photograph an unconscious man lying in a critical condition in an oxygen tent. I do not feel that it was an edifying spectacle to the German medical staff who were thus impeded in their duties."

Such a letter could not make pleasant reading for anyone. As a newspaper editor of many years I felt a sense of shame, although I realized that the cameramen had been sent there to picture the news—and the news was tragedy.

But next day in The Times there was a reply that was like a blow between the eyes for Mr. Milward. It came from Lord Beaverbrook's son, Max Aitken, who was a most gallant pilot in the war and is now the head of the Beaverbrook group of newspapers.

As an example of terseness and directness I commend the letter, which was as follows:

Sir: I have read the letter today from Mr. Milward . . . His letter, written even before the newspapermen killed in the B.E.A. crash are buried, is, in my view, a disgraceful document. Mr. Milward should be concentrating his attention on the causes of this shocking disaster instead of writing criticisms of the Press, and thus establish a standard of operation which could enable both footballers and newspapermen to travel by air in safety.

Yours faithfully,
Max Aitken.

Thus these two men faced each other across the editorial page of The Times. "You exploited human suffering," charged Milward. And Aitken replied: "Your airplane sent men to death and mutilation."

I learned a few hours later that a German surgeon asked the cameramen to move away because their lights were hurting the eyes of wounded men, but he adds that the photographers did not move away. Actually they did within a few moments. But is the photographic reproduction more cruel than the written word? The millions who watched on television or who saw the pictures in the newspapers were moved to profound sympathy—so profound that the whole nation mourned.

There is a tendency for the modern newspaper reporter and photographer to think that his profession knows no other law than "get your picture" or "get your story." Yet they are a race apart. The kindness of reporters to comrades and rivals who have fallen by the wayside is part of the story of journalism. There is a tough job and it is not to be wondered that in carrying out their tasks they become tough fellows.

But in this tragic story the most significant intervention was that of the ex-Hurricane pilot Max Aitken who pointed his finger at the head of the B.E.A. and cried: "I accuse!"

There have been too many airplane accidents in Great Britain during the last six months. It is not enough to pierce the mystery of the skies; we must maintain the mastery of the skies. And when conditions are bad and there is a doubt in the pilot's mind the plane should not take off.

That cruel winter massacre of young men in the vibrant strength of youth should never have happened. ★

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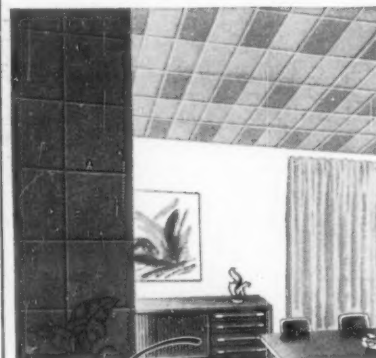
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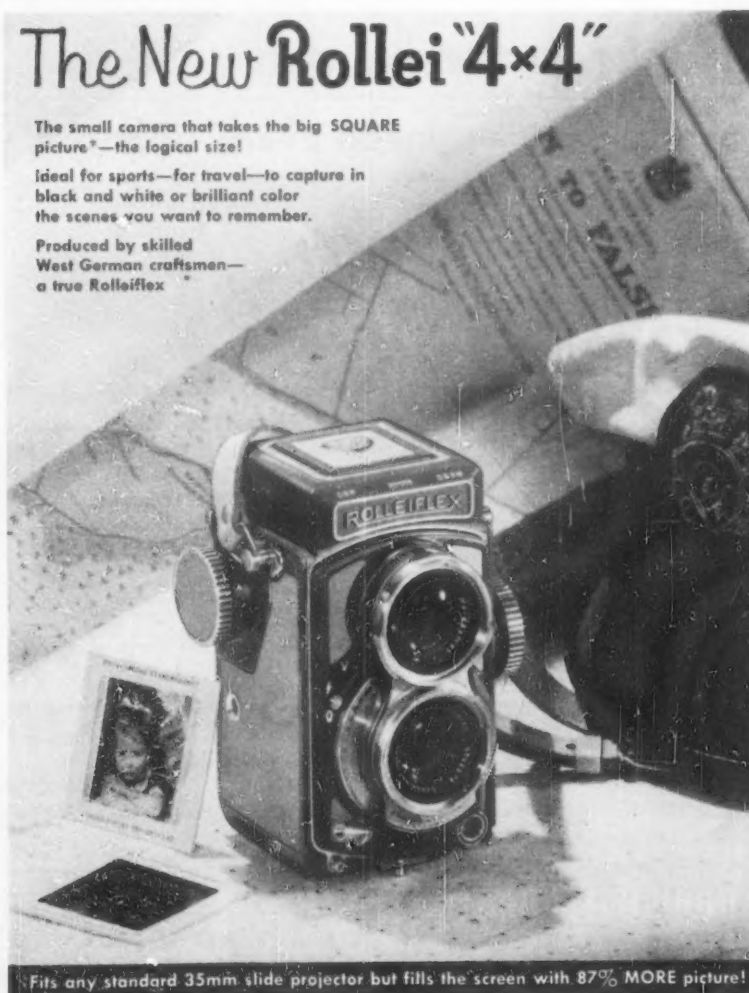
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The trials and triumphs of a royal career girl

Continued from page 19

FOR TEEN-AGERS, PRINCESS MARGARET SENSATION (one of twenty-eight rumored engagements), THE PRINCESS AND THE CHAMPAGNE CIRCUIT (she hates champagne and never drinks it), PRINCESS DANCES CAN-CAN ("So decorous it might have been presented as a *tableau vivant* by Queen Victoria for her grandchildren," commented one man who saw it), PRINCESS WEARS STRAPLESS GOWN, PRINCESS TO BECOME NUN, A TRUE AND DEEP AFFECTION (the first intimation of her critical love affair with Townsend), STILL IN LOVE WITH MAN WHO WAS BANISHED, DOES MARGARET SMOKE CHEROOTS? THE ROMANCE IS OFF.

It is obvious from the headlines that Margaret is a great many things to a great many people. Public figures can enhance their reputations for righteousness or liberality by condemning or defending her. Gossip columnists can capture readers by discussing her problems and offering pompous advice. Fashion experts can make sales by praising or criticizing her clothes. Shows can stay open because she sees them. ("We reckon that Princess Margaret's three visits sent business up by eight hundred pounds a week," says the manager of the theatre where *Guys and Dolls* played.) Young girls can vicariously enjoy her pleasures and thwarted wives her pain.

But the steady diet of sugared lies, palatable generalities and overcooked guesses served up around Princess Margaret has failed to produce a balanced portrait. So, apparently, has artist Pietro Annigoni, judging from the flood of violently conflicting opinion that engulfed his painting of the princess, exhibited in January.

Annigoni's princess, which suffered severe strictures from art critics as well as from the public, nevertheless found powerful supporters close to the princess, who recognized in it an interpretation of her character generally ignored by writers. The expression on her face is aloof, inscrutable and totally unlike the Princess of popular legend. But Margaret herself evidently likes it for she ordered it placed on public exhibition.

Four years ago Annigoni was the darling of critics and public alike because of his serene portrait of the Queen. "It is obvious Annigoni found the Queen a straight, simple person to paint," commented a member of the royal household.

"I painted her (the princess) as a woman of mystery, not completely understood by anyone," Annigoni says.

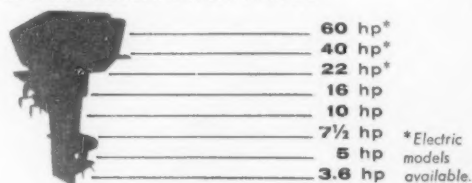
The subject of the painting is a woman of moods and contrasts, an enigma even to some of her friends. She loves the country and she loves the city. She is deeply religious and indefatigably gay. She likes attention and is capable of deliberately creating a sensation. But she is also happy to retire into herself seeing no one but her family. She loves fashionable clothes but is content in gum boots and a duffel coat. She has limited stamina but enormous vitality. She has a warmth and



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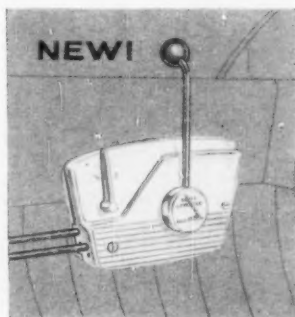
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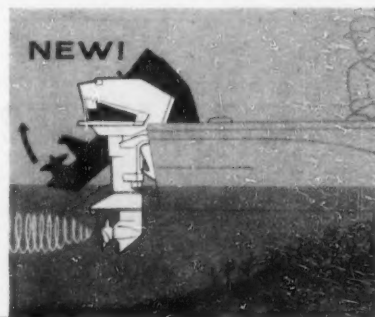
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"HERE TODAY, AND GONE TOMORROW"

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See page 63.

"Noel Coward said she could have earned a living as an actress. Her caricatures are hilarious"

charm, but she can discard it easily in favor of a chilling hauteur.

"She's terribly difficult to talk to. She doesn't say anything back, you know," says one young man who has recently been in her company. "It's hard being her partner," says another. "When she dances she doesn't falter for an instant and she talks so amusingly."

Thousands of words have been spent in praise of Princess Margaret's wit but it is difficult to find an authentic illustration of it. The most frequently repeated of her alleged witticisms is the following, quoted from a book on the royal family: "'Behave yourself,' whispered Elizabeth sternly. Whereupon Margaret made her famous retort, 'You look after your Empire and I'll look after my life.'" Commander Richard Colville, the Queen's press secretary, says that nearly all, if not all the bright remarks Princess Margaret is supposed to have made are pure invention.

This is not to say that Margaret is not witty. Certainly, she is talented. "She is a prolific and joyous letter writer," says John Gordon, editor of the London Sunday Express. "Indeed, as a writer, pouring out comments on people and events, I put her in a higher class than most women journalists. As a columnist she would have won outstanding success, if I may judge from the many letters I have seen." Noel Coward once said she could have earned her living as an actress. She has loved the theatre since childhood. She sings well in a tone that is surprisingly deep and flexible.

Her talent for mimicry is sometimes a little too sharp for comfort but her friends insist that her caricatures can be hilarious. Inclined on occasion to be slightly pompous herself, she dislikes pomposity in others. Two years ago when she was touring East Africa she neatly deflated the sycophants attending an evening reception for her. Although the heat was suffocating, short evening dresses and dinner jackets had been banned because the word was that Her Highness would be wearing a long dress. At the last minute Margaret made a quick switch. She soared coolly in on the assembly, choking in their prisons of starch, whalebone and kid, wearing a short evening dress and no gloves.

The rigors of a royal tour tire her and she is an easy victim of colds, chills and gastric nervousness. But she is not without stamina and even physical daring. She was once thrown three times, heavily, before she succeeded in making an ill-natured horse take a tricky jump. Her endurance on a dance floor, however, seems to be limitless, provided of course she isn't bored.

But if Margaret stays up late on Saturday night she still rises on Sunday to go to church and often she goes to early Communion during the week. Although she is not an intellectual or a speculative thinker, she takes her religion seriously and has studied it earnestly. "Some people might think Princess Margaret is a bit flighty," says the Rev. Peter Gillingham, a Queen's Honorary Chaplain at Sandringham. "It's true she likes parties and clothes but you should not accept all you read about her. She has a very serious side to her nature."

One aspect of her seriousness is the almost mystic fascination ordinary people hold for her. She is as curious for details of how they live as they are for details about her. In May last year she attempt-

ed to feed this curiosity when she visited a new housing estate outside London. She lunched humbly with the local vicar and his wife, then later, while visiting a typical home, she instructed her equerry to make other arrangements for a surprise visit. "Forgive me for barging in on you like this," she apologized to the astonished occupants, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Millard, "but I wanted to visit a family that had not been warned to expect me."

Although she could not be ordinary if she tried, she sometimes rebels against the restrictions that prevent her from doing what ordinary people do. In 1949, for example, she went to Italy on what her father innocently described as a "quiet, educational holiday." Excited crowds and persistent photographers mobbed and hounded her from the beginning of the trip until its end, preventing her from doing any of the things tourists normally do. Recently she walked down London's Charing Cross Road on a weekday afternoon with some friends. Before she had gone five blocks she was stopping traffic. On another recent occasion she took a regular passenger train from Scotland to London. The confusion that resulted when station officials barred the friends and relatives of other passengers from the platform drew a sharp rebuke from Princess Margaret. But it put an end to her "ordinary" excursions. She now walks her dogs in Green Park, near Clarence House, but there has been some public discussion about whether or not, in the interests of her personal safety, this should be permitted.

Princess Margaret undoubtedly felt the restrictions of her position most keenly during the two-and-a-half-year period when she considered giving up her royal prerogatives to marry palace equerry Group Captain Peter Townsend, a di-

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voiced man fifteen years her senior. But, if at times she longed to escape the restrictions, in the end she chose to bow to them and to remain what she inescapably is, a royal princess and a woman apart.

The Townsend crisis, as it is usually called in England, is significant in retrospect for two reasons: first because of the light it throws on an essential element of Princess Margaret's character and on the character of the monarchy itself and, second, because it marks a point of departure in the relationship between the royal family and the public.

In the past it has never been easy for the public, through the popular press, to get reliable information about the private lives of the royal family. Since the Townsend crisis, it has been even less easy. Soon it is quite liable to be virtually impossible. The Duke of Edinburgh said recently, "The more one is quoted and reported the less one is inclined to leave to chance both what one says and what one does in public and the more jealous one becomes of one's private life. The result, of course, is very dull for newspapermen." A further indication that the future will be dull for newspapermen is a recent complaint from Buckingham Palace to the British Press Council that "the private lives of members of the royal family are being increasingly disrupted by certain sections of the press."

The cairn was a con

The most glaring disruption occurred, of course, after the disclosure of Princess Margaret's partiality for Peter Townsend. The publicity about this attachment began with a clamor in the British press in July 1953. It continued, with interruptions, for two and a half years and ended in October 1955 in a climax of controversy between rival newspapers and dissident clergy that muddled the mitres of the Established Church and shook the monarchy itself.

The heights of sentimental fantasy which were scaled in between these two dates more than justify the London Sunday Observer's comment about Princess Margaret. "The press treatment of this girl is probably the least accurate branch of contemporary journalism." One writer, for example, says that he bolstered his "engagement" story by inventing a cairn of rocks which the lovers had allegedly erected in Scotland to plight their troth. A few weeks later he was astonished to see, in another magazine, a picture of this mythical cairn.

Detailed accounts of Princess Margaret's crucial twenty-fifth birthday party including a tea, a ball and a midnight barbecue and even giving the guest list appeared in most newspapers and were broadcast by the BBC. But the party never took place. "The royal family dined alone and spent the evening quietly," said a mystified palace press secretary. "They retired early. There was no barbecue, no ball, no party and no celebration."

Princess Margaret's birthday of August 21, 1955, had a special significance. She was then twenty-five and could, under the terms of the Royal Marriages Act, marry without the queen's consent. Prior to that date her marriage to Townsend was impossible because the Queen, as head of the Established Church, which prohibits the remarriage of divorced persons, could not consent to it. Convinced that Margaret, at twenty-five, would give notice that she intended to marry Townsend without royal consent, the newspapers whipped the public into such a frenzy of curiosity that ten thousand people in seven hundred cars and sixty

buses overran the minute Scottish village of Crathie, near Balmoral Castle, to watch the royal family come and go from Sunday morning service.

Now that the smoke has cleared and the missing links have been found, the procession of events leading up to Princess Margaret's renunciation of Townsend can be seen clearly and judged dispassionately.

In February 1952, the King died. Princess Margaret, sorely grieved by this event because she was deeply attached to her father, was left much in the company

of Townsend, a war hero and an attractive man whom she had always admired and respected and who had been a member of her family circle since she was fourteen.

In the summer of 1952 Townsend sued his wife for divorce and in December of that year the divorce became final.

In February 1953 Jane Armstrong, a Canadian who is London correspondent of the Toronto Telegram, made the initial disclosure of this romance. It was not, as is commonly supposed, made at the time of the Coronation by French and Ameri-

can newspapers. Throughout the controversy that followed, Miss Armstrong, who has lived in England for many years and understands the monarchy better than most writers, stoutly maintained that Princess Margaret and Townsend would never marry. Pressed by her publisher to give a reason she said: "She cannot do it. She is too much of a conformist. It is simply impossible."

In April 1953, a crucial link in the chain was forged by Townsend himself but until now this link had been missing. It was supplied by the Dean of Windsor,

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We have already reduced taxes by \$178,000,000 including income tax reductions for 4½ million Canadians.

We have increased old age pensions to \$55 a month and increased old age assistance payments and pensions for the disabled and for the blind. We have doubled federal grants for hospital construction.

We have provided \$87,000,000 in financial assistance to the provinces including special grants to the Atlantic Provinces to raise their level of economic opportunity.

We have increased and extended allowance and disability pension benefits for 250,000 veterans and their families.

Since last June, there has been a progressive easing of the previous government's tight money policy which had an adverse effect on various industries and small businesses in Canada. Bank interest rates have been reduced. \$300,000,000 has been provided for housing loans resulting in a current all-time high in winter home building.

We have taken measures to find new markets for our wheat and other farm products and to recover export markets which had been drastically

reduced while our resources were being exported in raw or semi-processed form.

We have made an effective start on our broad program to bring the income of farmers into line with that of other salary and wage earners. We have provided cash advances for farm stored grain; limited unfair imports of farm products; assisted dairying and other phases of agriculture; and introduced legislation, long sought by farmers, to stabilize and increase farm prices by relating them in advance to production costs and other factors.

We have provided long overdue salary increases to our armed forces and to civil servants.

We have undertaken an extensive program of major works projects to provide more jobs for Canadians in all provinces.

These are some of the achievements of your Conservative Government. What we have done so far is, of course, only a start on the fuller policy of Canadianism which we put before you last year. We have done what could be done in this short space of time as a minority government. We now come before you again to ask your mandate to carry on with a working majority which will enable us to translate our entire program into effective action for the benefit of all Canadians.

Yours sincerely,



JOHN G. DIEFENBAKER

THE PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE PARTY OF CANADA



the Rt. Rev. Eric Knightley Chetwode Hamilton, when he recently divulged to friends that at Easter, 1953, Townsend called on him as a parishioner and a friend to confess that he loved Princess Margaret and that she loved him and to ask for help and counsel. The dean says he told Townsend that he could offer neither and that marriage between them was "quite impossible." He added that Townsend, as a servant of the royal family, occupying a position of trust, could not make such a declaration to Princess Margaret. The dean also says that he communicated Townsend's confession to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In May 1953, Townsend's appointment as comptroller of the Queen Mother's household (in spite of his divorce) was announced in the London Gazette and Townsend was to accompany the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret on their trip to Rhodesia after the Coronation.

In July 1953, at the last moment, Townsend was replaced by Lord Plunket, another equerry, and a few days later, amid a deafening official silence, he was banished to Brussels to become the air attaché at the British Embassy. "The situation had become impossible, especially for her," he said before his departure.

In the interval between the autumn of 1953 and the spring of 1955 the roar about Margaret and Townsend decreased in volume only to start with new vigor three days after she returned from her first solo Commonwealth tour to the Caribbean in March. It reached a minor crescendo at her twenty-fifth birthday in August and a major one during the last eighteen days of October when Townsend was home on leave and she saw him daily, presumably to test the strength of

her feelings after a two-year separation.

During this time the Privy Council was alerted, there were meetings with the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Queen, the prime minister and the cabinet. One day the attorney-general was hurriedly summoned from a courtroom at the Old Bailey. In the end Princess Margaret herself ended the fury as she alone had the power to do.

She had consulted no one. She had discussed her feelings for Townsend with no one. Even the Queen did not know what she intended to do. "Absolutely no pressure was put on her," said a member of the royal household. "Until the last minute everybody at the palace was in an absolute frenzy preparing to deal with the constitutional issues involved if she decided to marry him."

A mystery to church and state

Princess Margaret's statement, issued on October 31 and written for her by Captain Oliver Dawnay, was a hurried last-minute solution to what had remained throughout as much a mystery to Church and State as it had been to Princess Margaret's family and to her vast international public.

"I would like it to be known that I have decided not to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend," her statement said. "I have been aware that, subject to my renouncing my rights of succession, it might have been possible for me to contract a civil marriage. But, mindful of the Church's teaching that Christian marriage is indissoluble and conscious of my duties to the Commonwealth, I have resolved to put these considerations before any others. I have reached this decision entirely alone and in doing so I have been strengthened by the unflin-

support and devotion of Group Captain Townsend. I am deeply grateful for the concern of all those who have constantly prayed for my happiness."

The main decision facing Princess Margaret, as her statement makes clear, was constitutional. From the moment Townsend disclosed their love to the Dean of Windsor she was aware that the price of her marriage was abdication of her royal prerogatives: her position as third in line for the throne and her place as a working member of the royal family.

Many people who do not belong to the Established Church of England believe this was a cruel choice to force upon her. But no other choice was possible. The Queen is by law constituted head of the Established Church and it would be impossible for the Queen to be represented at affairs of state by a sister who had broken the Church's law.

"Shorn of the flummery and abac-dabra, the whole issue boils down to whether there is a traditional Establishment of Church and State sacrosanct and above the democracy it is supposed to symbolize," said the intellectual New Statesman and Nation, putting an editorial finger squarely on the essential element in the whole crisis.

The Divine Right of Kings is dead but the monarchy is still, by its essential nature, above the democracy it symbolizes. "For those at court," commented the Sunday Observer in an article on Princess Margaret, "the monarchy is an end in itself, something that has a life and reality independent of its usefulness. Within this atmosphere, preserved despite all the vicissitudes of history, members of the royal family may well feel of their official position as a clergyman feels about the change conferred on him by ordination. They hold a rank that carries

inalienable honors and inescapable duties. It inevitably makes their lives different from those of other people."

It would appear, though, that Princess Margaret was not wholly the pitiful little figure brought to her knees by pressure that she had been painted by the sentimentalists. It would be more accurate to compare her to the woman who reluctantly decides to forego love and marriage because she prefers the career for which she has been trained since youth.

Princess Margaret is fully conscious of her position—some people think she is overly conscious of it. "She's quite a personality as a human being," comments painter Pietro Annigoni, "but she doesn't ever forget to be the princess."

Even if she wished to it would be impossible for Margaret to forget that she is a princess. If this dominant fact is ever forgotten the forgetfulness must be charged to the public, to the people, for example, who commented on her gaiety after mourning for King George the Sixth ended, to those who remarked on her vivacity after Townsend departed from her life. It may have been that she found that her ardor for Townsend had cooled. Nobody knows this but herself. But it is more likely that she bowed to the disciplines that control the lives of princesses.

Although much misleading information has been published about Princess Margaret's "democratic" friends, selected from all walks of life, they, more than any other aspect of her life, demonstrate clearly how much of a princess she is. For they revolve about her in a tight little circle of interlocking relationships nearly all bearing names or titles that have been associated with the monarchy for centuries.

For example, two of her friends have

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"Canadian women will envy Princess Margaret. Her clothes are beautiful and her skin is flawless"

the very ordinary name of Smith. But they are far from ordinary. Their mother is the Viscountess Hambleden, a lady-in-waiting to the Queen Mother. Their brother is Lord Hambleden, once tipped as the Princess's suitor. The husband of one of them is a kinsman of the third Viscount Hampden, who married a daughter of the sixth Duke of Buccleuch. The Earl of Dalkeith, another of Margaret's escorts before his marriage, is the son of the eighth Duke of Buccleuch and a nephew of the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Margaret's aunt. The Earl's sisters, the Duchess of Northumberland and Lady Caroline Gilmour, are Margaret's friends. Lady Caroline's husband, Ian Gilmour, is the son of a former lady-in-waiting to the Queen Mother and a nephew of the Duchess of Marlborough who is the mother of Princess Margaret's friend, the Marquis of Blandford. And so it goes on.

Because she is now experienced, Princess Margaret will undoubtedly create an even more favorable impression in Canada in July than she created on her two previous Commonwealth tours—to the Caribbean in 1955 and to East Africa in 1956. She will enjoy herself and show it. Women will envy her beautiful clothes and flawless skin and men will probably agree with the enthusiastic miner who recently danced with her at a public function and exclaimed: "What a smasher she is!"

She will enliven stiffly formal programs with occasional unexpected touches like the time in Antigua when she stopped a processional car to talk with some old women carrying baskets of newly picked cotton and, like another, more memorable occasion in Dar Es Salaam. Here, in spite of strong advice to the contrary, the Princess got out of her car and mingled at close range with Africans staging a dancing celebration in her honor.

"The Princess was absolutely thrilled," commented one of her attendants later. "She could not have enjoyed herself more and was delighted to be able to move freely among the dancers and see them enjoying themselves at close range."

When she talks to Canadians Princess Margaret will reveal a surprising knowledge of Canada and its customs, the result of careful advance study. Eager for more knowledge she will ask pointed questions. Some of her comments may be embarrassing, like the occasion in Trinidad when she asked about the wages of native workers. A government official tried to fob her off with a vague speech about wages being low because the climate made fuel and heavy clothes unnecessary. "That sounds a bit too glib to me," she commented dryly.

On the whole she will seem more animated and relaxed than her sister, the Queen, and certainly she will be more likely to joke with reporters. On one occasion when she was on her way to a private engagement in Nassau she spotted two women reporters sunbathing. She stopped her car. "What do you two mean by loafing in the sun when you should be out covering me?" she called out to them.

At a press reception in Nassau, Norman James of the Toronto Star said he hoped she wouldn't object if he winked at her when she boarded her plane to return to London. He had promised his wife he would do it, he explained. "Why should I object?" the princess asked. "But tell me, what is it that you've been doing every day since this tour began?"

Most Canadians will compare her to her mother and be inclined to agree with a Barbados official who said, "Princess Margaret has the outgoing warmth of her mother. She makes you feel that she is personally interested in your problems and not merely making an appearance because it is her duty."

At the outset, Princess Margaret will make it plain that she wants to meet as

many people as possible and she will exhibit no signs of petulance, boredom or impatience although sometimes fatigue may be misinterpreted to mean one or another of these things. "For sheer sustained poise you have to hand it to her," commented one reporter who covered her East African tour. "She reminds me of number one rule for broadcasters," said a BBC man, "No dead air."

She will study her itinerary carefully and if she doesn't like any of the arrangements made for her she will say so. Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, or Miss Iris Peake, her regular lady-in-waiting, will ask nervous Canadian hostesses to put American cigarettes in her bedroom, to place her maid, Ruby MacDonald, in an adjoining room, to provide small knives and forks because the princess has

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very small hands and not to serve either champagne or oysters, which she detests.

At home in London Miss Peake manages the Princess's busy life, reporting every morning at nine to deal with correspondence. The Princess usually reads her personal mail while having breakfast in bed. She is not an early riser and, like her mother, is sometimes unpunctual. "Oh dear there *must* be something wrong with that clock," she often says remorsefully. She lives with her mother in Clarence House, a broad-faced cream-colored mansion which was renovated in 1947 to become the bridal home of Queen Elizabeth and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh. It's about two blocks from Buckingham Palace.

Princess Margaret has a suite of her own where she often entertains groups of friends. Occasionally she cooks late-night snacks for them in a small kitchenette. She usually takes lunch and dinner with her mother if she is not entertaining or going out.

When she is in London she goes out often. In one recent year she went to twenty-seven shows, ten night clubs and twelve dinner parties. When not on holiday or on tour she performs between six and eight public engagements each month.

This August she will be twenty-eight and the matchmakers are still frantically busy trying to find her a husband. The latest candidates are Christopher Lloyd and Lord Wilton, both rich and both eminently eligible. Two old favorites are still in the news, Billy Wallace, son of the late Ewan Wallace MP, and the Rev. Simon Phipps. Wallace has more or less consistently escorted the Princess since 1951. But he recently said that they did not intend to marry. Phipps, an ex-guardian who entered the church after the war and has known the Princess since they were children, has said nothing. Princess Margaret often invites him to parties and she visits him at Cambridge, where he is a rector, two or three times every month.

If she marries, public interest in her will doubtless diminish. But if she remains single she will continue to exhibit herself all over the Commonwealth as a walking illustration of her brother-in-law's definition of duty: "The force which causes a man to play the part required of him in the organization to which he belongs." Unless, of course, she finds herself like the tropical bird let loose from its cage and because of its bright plumage in danger of being pecked to death by the sharp bills of curious sparrows. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"The U. S. thinks everything American is worthy, everything Russian evil. History won't agree"

way for nuclear research in the first place, and that troubled him. He said, "Can't we scientists who have produced the weapon do something to persuade the statesmen of the world and people who influence public opinion how deadly is the danger?" He died before the idea could take hold, but we have carried out his wishes.

Although India, Sweden and the West Indies have been considered for the meeting, Canada provides a particularly good climate for such a meeting of minds. Not only has Prime Minister Diefenbaker offered Canada as the site of a summit meeting, but he and other political leaders have been actively interested in the scientists' meeting. Canada's refusal to panic at the thought of letting in Communist visitors stands in sane contrast to the United States' frenzied "keep out" policy.

Ironically, the only country where a peace-seeking meeting of world scientists could not be held is the United States, leader of the democratic world. The State Department's dictates would exclude delegates from China outright, and place almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of Russians, Poles and Czechs.

This sorry circumstance—coupled with the State Department's equally arbitrary policy of barring newspapermen and other observers from China—indicates a lack of wisdom that borders on madness in our handling of fateful problems.

What Americans need is a re-appraisal, not only of their foreign policy but of their place in the whole scheme of world affairs and particularly in relationship to that other great power, Russia. For years Americans have been drilled in the

self-deluding doctrine: "Everything American is worthy and good. Everything Russian is crooked and evil."

I do not think that will be the verdict of history.

Another delusion that Americans have fondly embraced is that our own scientists invented the atom bomb by themselves. In our arrogance we have chosen until lately to forget that the bomb represented the combined work of Italians, Germans, Danes, Hungarians, Britons, Canadians and Americans.

True, the atom bomb originally was in the sole possession of the United States because it was developed in our laboratories and proved on our testing grounds under the cloak of secrecy enforced by threat of the death penalty. Furthermore, in a last-ditch effort to end World War II the U. S. demonstrated the potency of the new weapon by dropping it on two Japanese cities where scores of thousands of defenseless and unprepared women and children were wiped out.

Then the State Department converted the bomb into an instrument of foreign policy. We alone had the bomb, we alone had the know-how to make the bomb, and therefore we didn't have to try to find common ground with Russia: we could take care of the Russians if they started anything.

The shock that hit most Americans recently when they learned that they were not ahead, but actually behind, Russia in the possession of terrible weapons, could have been avoided. All they needed to do was accept the fact that pride had caused them to put out of their minds—the fact that the atom bomb was devised, in reality, by the combined work

of the scientists of many nations.

Did the discovery that Russia, the chosen enemy of our propaganda, was stronger than us induce a spell of humility? No, on the contrary it has led to greater follies, to madder frenzy. Now we must catch up with Russia. Give us three years, five years and we'll draw level with Russia even if it means bankrupting the country by putting an even greater proportion than the present sixty percent of government revenue into arms.

And while we're catching up, John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State, will continue to re-declare the cold war, continue to foment Americans against Russia. I think Mr. Dulles is a thoroughly sincere man, but I think he is filled with a fanaticism against everything Russian. He disapproves of the Russians so thoroughly, he distrusts them so completely, that I believe he would go so far as to risk all that civilization produced, in the hope that he might kill off Russia and the Communists.

But we can't kill off Russia and the Communists. That's another dose of humility that Americans need to swallow—the realization that we simply do not now possess the military power, the economic strength, the diplomatic resources, to overthrow communism in Russia, in China or in the satellites.

We can catch up, our U.S. statesmen keep assuring us. What they do not tell us is what Russia will be doing while we're catching up. The answer is obvious: they will be devising new and more terrible things. Supposing we do catch up by exhausting, superhuman effort . . . anyone who has seen a car and a train race to a tie at a railroad crossing has a small inkling of the inevitable result of an armament race that ends, literally, in a dead heat.

Perhaps the most important question that could be asked at this crucial moment in history is: what do the Russians think about, looking toward the West from their side of the Iron Curtain? How would we feel if we were Russians and lived in the realization that every minute of the day and night American planes carrying nuclear weapons were airborne within flying distance of our cities? That our country was being progressively ringed by missile bases? That the United States political leader directly responsible for relations with Russia was making a career of stirring up enmity and distrust between the two nations?

The answer is simple: the official attitude of the United States toward Russia has done more to unite that country, to stimulate both its military and industrial progress, than any motivation within the country itself. Let us ask ourselves honestly: what reason has any Russian got for liking, respecting or admiring us? For more than forty years, ever since the founding of the Soviet Union, we have been antagonistic or negative toward Russia, except for a brief, feverish and guarded military comradeship in World War II.

In early days we simply took the attitude that Russian Bolshevism was evil and that providence would not permit it to exist. Left alone it would collapse of its own iniquities. We refused to recognize that behind the evils was a mass protest against generations of oppression by the Czars, a stirring of people who above all possessed a great willingness to work and a strong love of country.

Since the war our attitude has become more truculent. Our statesmen were willing to march to the brink of war, time after time, to keep Russia cowed. Mr. Dulles did not invent this policy. He inherited it intact from his predecessor, Dean Acheson. It is impossible to dis-

tinguish between Democratic and Republican foreign policy in relation to today's most important issue: Russia.

It is there, I think, that our great danger lies: in the inference that the American foreign policy of implacable enmity to Russia is a fixed permanent policy.

If we persuade the Russians that we are prepared to run the incredible risks of nuclear war, if we give them the impression that once we catch up with them we will promptly attack to prevent their getting ahead again, then we are inviting them to decide that the logical

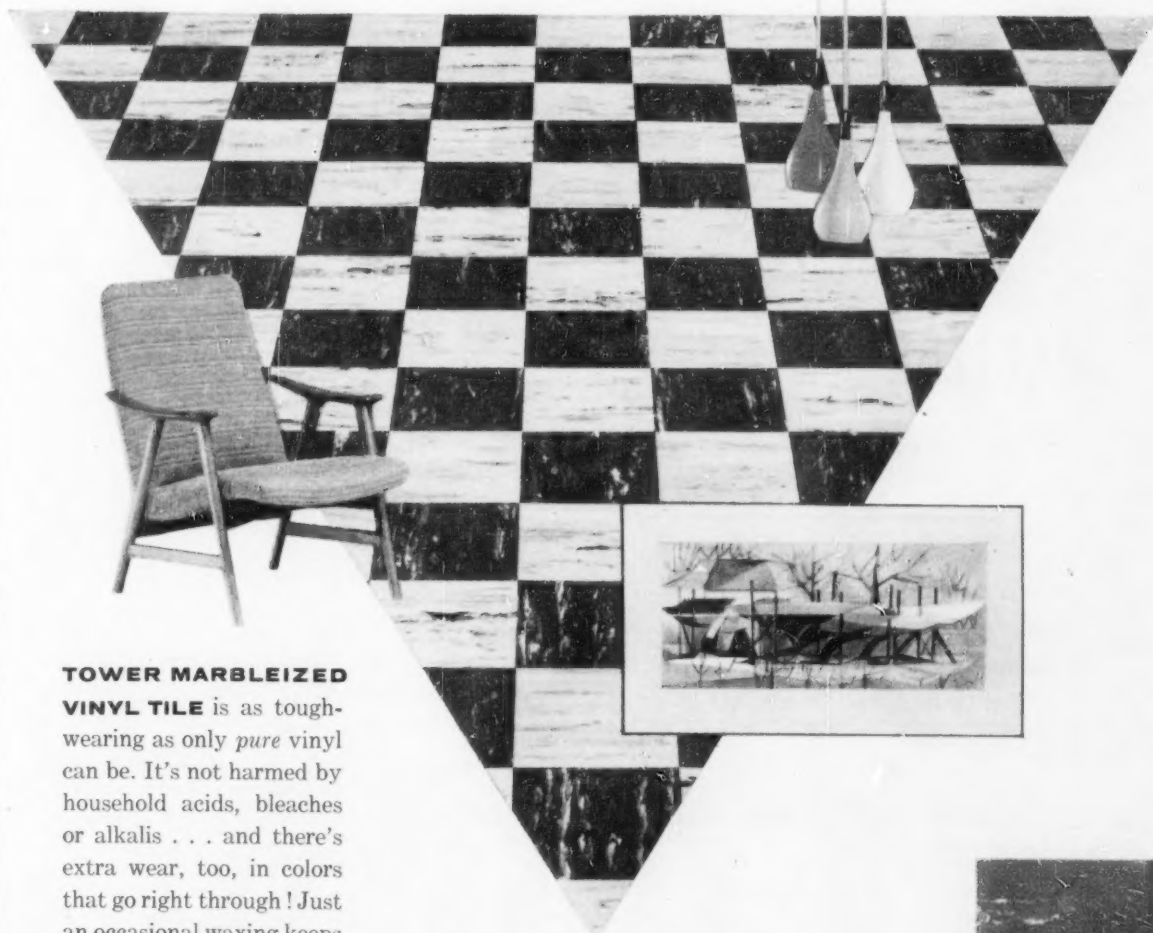
thing is for them to move first. And surely Russia knows that a war that starts slowly, giving both sides time to mount its devastating attack, is a war that can only be lost by both sides. In other words, if we give the Russians cause to believe sincerely that we in the West are plotting to destroy them, can we refuse to believe that they might be panicked into a surprise attack—an apocalyptic Pearl Harbor that would be the most horrible thing in history?

Those are the reasons why I think we must change our attitude toward Russia.

Heaven knows, I'm no Communist or fellow traveler. I don't suppose you'd find anyone in the world more dedicated to capitalism and democracy than I am. But I know that the surest way to destroy those two institutions, along with everything else that man has worked for since the dawn of civilization, is to get into a war with Russia.

As I said earlier, I believe we can negotiate with the Russians to find a basis for peaceful coexistence. People have asked, "What if the Russian offers to hold meetings—including your confer-

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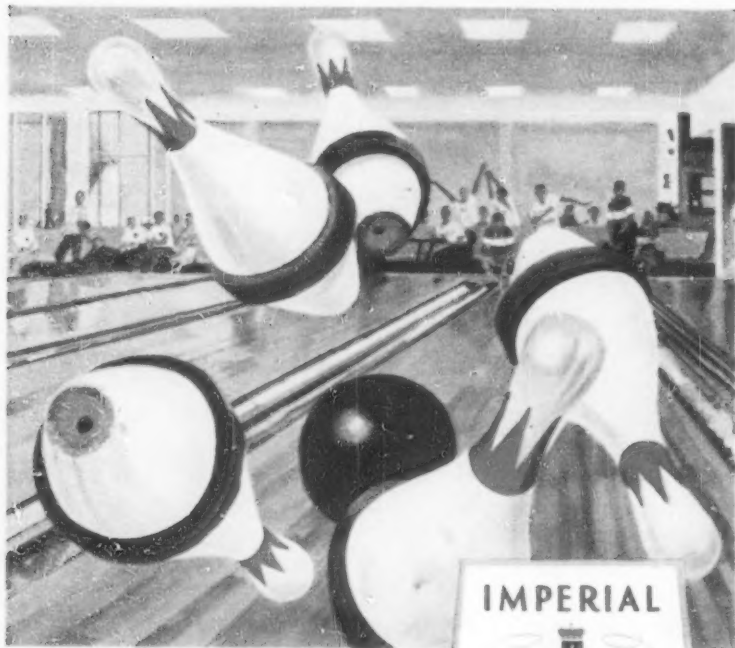
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ence of scientists—are only for propaganda purposes, to lead the West into a false sense of security?"

My answer is that I do not believe that is the case. But even if it is, it's still better to hold talks and reach any degree of agreement than to continue hell-bent toward the suicide of civilization.

One piece of propaganda that we must clear out of our minds is the proposition that Russians do not hold dear the same things as we do—family life, personal comforts, culture and luxuries. We have been indoctrinated with the idea that the average Russian is somehow subhuman, a zombie who will eagerly go to his death on the order of a soulless superior.

That is not true. Anybody who is even slightly acquainted with Russian plans for the nation's tomorrow—such as the education of fifty million children, to name only one aspect—would realize that Russia, quite as much as the United States, has everything to gain and nothing to lose by avoiding nuclear war.

I have made a conscious effort to become acquainted with as many Russians as possible. In addition to Soviet diplomats and officials I have met, talked, eaten, worked and played with visiting

scientists, touring newspapermen (the latter declined the Sunday afternoon baseball game on their Cleveland agenda and demanded to be faced with a "real live capitalist" and we got along famously), and a group who shared one of my occupations, farming.

When I think of Russians I cannot help thinking of the journalists who spent a day at my home.

I had obviously been described to them as a man with interests in coal, iron and steel. I think they had an idea that I was probably fomenting war in order to sell my products. But when they arrived at my farm most of my thirteen grandchildren were waiting to greet them, and in no time grandchildren and Russians were on the friendliest terms.

"Those children are my real wealth," I told the visitors, and that was something they could understand.

"We have children like them," they said eagerly, and began pulling out photographs. I believe they became convinced that no man with children like mine would want a war. For my part, I feel that these writers and parents belonged to a country that we can come to understand and live peaceably with. ★



John Diefenbaker continued from page 15

"Working on the homestead... we started with the corner post and counted the turns of the wheel"

father was stern in any way whatsoever. **Miss Moon:** It was just a question.

Mr. Diefenbaker: My father was the kindest of men, far too kind for his own welfare, and when you said he was a forbidding person you touched something that cannot be touched. My father helped out every solitary person that came along and when I heard that story about being forbidding—it may only have been a question. But it was a mighty poor analysis.

Miss Moon: Who were your closest boyhood friends?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I don't know that I can give you any answer in that direction. When I was eight, as I said, father moved west to what was Fort Carlton. That type of life did not make for early attachments.

Naturally my interest in the history of the west dates back to those days. Many of the Mounted Police stopped at our place. We lived twelve miles from the nearest town. Everybody stopped at our home and nobody ever paid for stopping there. The Mounted Police used to come to our place and several of them had served in the Saskatchewan Rebellion. Gabriel Dumont was there—Riel's right-hand man. He had come back from exile after the rebellion. It was only about four years ago that I learned certain things about Dumont. You know, he was the greatest Indian fighter of all time, a man beside whom Buffalo Bill was a novice. When he was a man of seventy-seven, I remember, he would throw tin cans up in the air and he would hit them twice on the way down. He had killed eleven policemen himself at Duck Lake before he escaped to the United States.

There was one thing I could never understand and that was the perfect part in his hair. It was a perfect centre part.

About seven years ago the Historical Review published his field notes and it was there I learned that his head had been creased by a bullet—and that explains that perfect part. Buffalo Bill wasn't on the same street with Dumont, you know. For every buffalo that Buffalo Bill killed, Dumont had killed several.

I must say that Gabriel Dumont is a story in himself—a story that has yet to be written. It's one of the greatest stories in Canada—the story of the greatest Indian fighter of them all. His field book revealed him as the master strategist, and, indeed, had Riel listened to him rather than having paid attention to signs in the skies things might have been different, although ultimately defeat would have come. Dumont still has relatives around there, you know.

We went from Fort Carlton to the homestead that my father built. I can remember working with him starting with the corner post and counting so many turns of the wheel. After we built the homestead my father taught there from 1906 to 1910 when we moved into Saskatoon.

As I say, that type of life does not make for early attachments, but many of those who were my friends in those days are now in various positions in public life.

Mr. MacLennan: You said there were books in your family home?

Mr. Diefenbaker: Yes, when we were on the homestead and my father was teaching—I presume he was making about six hundred dollars a year—but no matter what his income would be in those days there was no book of any importance in history or biography or the like that was not bought.

Mr. MacLennan: Could you tell us what

book or books you feel particularly influenced your thoughts?

Mr. Diefenbaker: We had an Encyclopedia of Biography I would say that had a very considerable influence.

Mr. MacLennan: Could I go on from there and ask you what particular historical characters you might have in mind?

Mr. Diefenbaker: As a matter of fact, Lincoln and Gladstone. I read everything that was available about them.

Mr. MacLennan: What about military heroes? Did they interest you when you were young?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No, I wouldn't say that.

Mr. Bannerman: Were you interested in Napoleon?

Mr. Diefenbaker: Oh, yes, I was.

Mr. Bannerman: From what point of view?

Mr. Diefenbaker: One would be interested in his whole life. I read three or four biographies on Napoleon.

Mr. Bannerman: After you began to go to law school what did you think about Napoleon as a lawmaker?

Mr. Diefenbaker: Well, I have my own views on that.

Mr. MacLennan: At any time did you have any interest in fiction?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I wouldn't say so.

Miss Moon: I am going to ask you the old desert-island question. If you were restricted to, say, five books to spend the rest of your life with, would they be books you have not read or books you have already read? And could you give us an approximation of the list?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I am afraid that question would take longer than the period we have available.

Miss Moon: Well, have you any particular famous books that you treasure more than others?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I wouldn't say so.

Mr. Bannerman: Mr. Prime Minister, I wonder if we might ask you about your reading of the Bible.

Mr. Diefenbaker: That is a personal matter.

Mr. Bannerman: You feel that is too personal?

Mr. Diefenbaker: Yes, that is very much my personal life, and something I would prefer not to discuss.

Mr. Bannerman: Mr. Prime Minister, is there any book that you can think of offhand that you have not read but you would like to read someday?

Mr. Diefenbaker: Oh, a great many!

Mr. Bannerman: Any outstanding ones?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I can't at the moment identify any one that I would like to read. But if one's life had not been given to the law, there are many others one would have read.

Mr. MacLennan: Have you had any opportunity, with all the other things you have had to do, to read anything in the area of science?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No. Science was my bugbear in university and science will always be my bugbear.

Miss Moon: Mr. Prime Minister, I know that your main recreations, when you have time for them, are hunting and fishing, but how much time are you able to spend for personal reading?

Mr. Diefenbaker: That, of course, is an impossible question. You read in whatever little available time you have. I put in some time that way.

Miss Moon: I was going to ask you about movies, television and radio. For instance, do you listen to the radio much?

Mr. Diefenbaker (smiling): I hear the news.

Miss Moon: What about television?

Mr. Diefenbaker: Oh, I enjoy television.

Miss Moon: Any favorite programs?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I wouldn't say. That would be like advertising!

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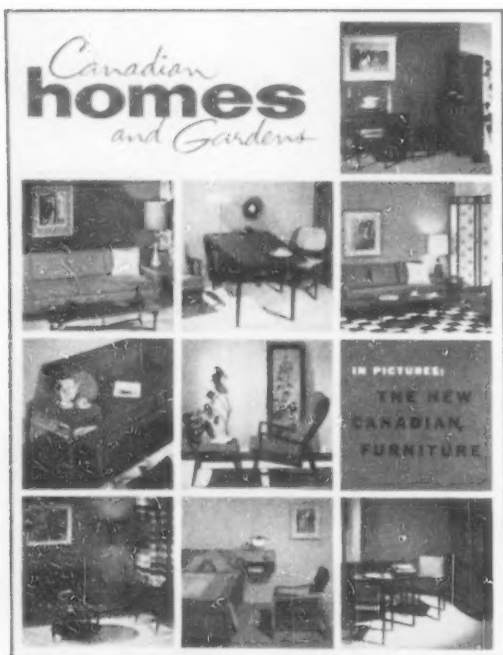
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Mr. Bannerman: This might seem an impertinent question but do you ever read the comics?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I wouldn't say I do today, but I'm not saying that in the past I didn't. You read about certain characters over the years that you naturally follow. But not today for me.

Mr. Bannerman: Do you remember one particular character you thought well of in the old days?

Mr. Diefenbaker: Oh, you were too young then to remember.

Mr. Bannerman: No, sir. You have no idea how aged I am. I am the oldest thing in Canada except the Laurentian Shield.

Mr. Diefenbaker: Do you remember Happy Hooligan?

Mr. Bannerman: I certainly do.

Mr. Diefenbaker: And the Katzenjammer Kids?

Mr. Bannerman: Do you remember Boob McNutt?

Mr. Diefenbaker: He was out of my class. But do you remember Buster Brown?

Mr. Bannerman: Yes, I do. Did they dress you up like Buster Brown when you were a little boy?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No.

Mr. Bannerman: Did they try to?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No, I don't think they did.

Mr. Bannerman: I guess they wouldn't have got anywhere if they had.

Mr. MacLennan: Do you recall any particular movies that you saw as a boy that made a deep impression on you, or that you particularly enjoyed or got pleasure from?

Mr. Diefenbaker: We didn't see them in those days, not until we moved into Saskatoon in 1910; but if one were to endeavor to analyze one's feeling I would think I would go back to Birth of a Nation. I have an intensive hatred for discrimination based on color.

Mr. MacLennan: I was wondering if you would say that. That is the first one I saw.

Mr. Diefenbaker: It had an unchanging effect to it, and it has become changeless.

Mr. MacLennan: Have you had time to see more recent or contemporary pictures?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No, but Birth of a Nation must have made a great change on the thinking of those who saw it—particularly if they were adolescent.

When we went on the homestead, of course, there were no movies. We were twelve miles from the nearest town. We saw no movies but we saw the opening of the west. When we moved in there, the area had never been touched by man as far as cultivation was concerned. The type of companionship that one would have would be limited to one's attendance at school. But you don't stay around school when you live three and a half miles from it. Your companionship becomes either the outdoors or books.

Mr. MacLennan: Gabrielle Roy was born out on the prairies and she told me the thing that made her a writer was the solitude there. She said that her father acquired a whole set of Balzac, and that as a little child those books were her friends and they changed her life. In other words, you might think now that you were very fortunate that you did not have the moving pictures to attend.

Mr. Diefenbaker: Yes.

Miss Moon: Mr. Prime Minister, you have talked about living in the west when it was opening up. Do you think this is apt to produce in people any particular set of characteristics?

Mr. Diefenbaker: When you live in a new world—and it was a new world—

you realize something that one who hasn't had that experience cannot realize—something of the aspirations and the needs of the average man. We saw the opening of the west: the arrival in the main of the first major influx of immigration. We had settled around us people of various racial origins; we saw the beginning of that Canada which we have today.

Mr. Bannerman: Is there any particular event in that scene that you remember as significant?

Mr. Diefenbaker: Yes, as I look back there are two events which stand out. I think first of the prairie fire that I saw—that is a spectacle that will always remain with me. And the other event is my memory of being lost on the prairie and spending an entire night in the storm.

Miss Moon: Were you alone?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No, I had my uncle, a schoolteacher, with me. It was the night of March 11, 1909, and it is one event that remains with me. We had gone to a school concert; the school we attended was at Halcyonic, an area of Old Country Quakers. My uncle taught there and he also homesteaded at the same time father did.

Well, we left the school concert about ten o'clock at night, and it was a three-and-a-half-mile drive home. When we came over the elevation—and it was an unusual elevation for the prairies as they were in that portion of Saskatchewan—we saw in the distance the light that my father always used to put out on the door. But the horse could not face the blizzard, and turned off; and so we were lost and had to spend the night in an open cutter turned up on its side. We were fortunate; the storm broke in the morning and we were found. When I am in that area I often pass by and see that location.

Mr. Bannerman: Would you describe a prairie fire for us?

Mr. Diefenbaker: A prairie fire is an indescribable scene. You know, this part of the prairie still had the old buffalo trails on it—paths where the buffalo followed each other in single file; and every half mile or so there would be great wallows in the ground where the buffalo would wallow. In those days that area was still pretty well covered with buffalo bones. There were piles of these bones in the southern part of the province between Moosomin and Regina and the harvesting and sale of buffalo bones was rather lucrative for the early settlers—in 1903 and 1904.

Now the reason the buffalo were so common in this area was because of the wonderful grass. And those grasses had been burned over for generations by prairie fires.

With a wind behind it, the roar of a prairie fire is something that can never be forgotten. I remember, at the time of this fire, everybody went out and built a fire break about four miles from our place. They would plow several rows, and then plow another several rows a hundred yards away and burn the area in between the two.

A prairie fire has an indescribable sound, and at my age it would naturally make a greater impression than it might have later. But the descriptions of the prairie fires that I've read by the old-timers show that it really produces a terrible roar. You see it coming in the distance and you wonder!

Mr. Bannerman: May I return to the question of music. I gathered from what you said a moment ago you did not exactly specialize in it.

Mr. Diefenbaker: I am not a musician—let me put it that way.

Mr. Bannerman: I did not mean quite

that. My question is this: Nearly all of us when we are preoccupied, and if alone, or if the circumstances are right, find ourselves humming or whistling something between the teeth—while waiting for a train or trying to decide something. Do you do this?

Mr. Diefenbaker: No, I don't.

Mr. MacLennan: It is always to me an absolute marvel how a man in your position can do one fiftieth of what you do. How do you manage to do it?

Mr. Diefenbaker: It's because I get lots of rest. I was just reading about Mr. Pearson today: He sleeps with ease. Well, I sleep on the least provocation; I get between seven and a half and eight hours' sleep at night, regardless of anything.

Mr. MacLennan: Like Napoleon, you can shut the door?

Mr. Diefenbaker: When that door closes and I come into this home, or my own home, it is closed as far as that day is concerned. I had a large court practice, indeed, I was in court all of the time—but when I closed the door, it was closed, unless of course I was going to work at night. But I'm not much given to doing night work, except study.

Mr. MacLennan: Have you always had the ability to do that?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I followed that habit through the years. There is no carry-over from the day's affairs.

Mr. MacLennan: Could you tell us how you do it?

Mr. Diefenbaker: Well, it is a complete wiping away of everything—an eradication of the activities of the day. It is based on the philosophy that I live each day for itself.

Mr. MacLennan: As you know, that is the basis of the philosophy of the life of Sir William Osler: to live each day for itself.

Mr. Diefenbaker: That's my philosophy, and it's very helpful.

Miss Moon: Do you find work stimulating, or is your approach to it methodical?

Mr. Diefenbaker: You psychologists ask questions that are beyond me! I just like work—that's all.

Mr. Bannerman: May I ask you a simple question?

Mr. Diefenbaker: When you ask a simple question in court, that's the kind that get's everybody into trouble.

Mr. Bannerman: This won't get you in any trouble. What do you like best to eat? What is your favorite dish?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I don't know.

Mr. Bannerman: You have no particular favorite?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I don't think I have.

Miss Moon: Do you like food as an interest?

Mr. Diefenbaker (laughing): You would have to ask those who provide the necessary wherewithal.

Mr. Bannerman: Do you try to get a good square meal at regular times to keep your strength up?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I start off the day with a good breakfast. It does not matter so much for the rest of the day.

Mr. MacLennan: Mr. Prime Minister, I have always felt myself that responsibility of the kind that burdens a ship's captain or a man in the position of prime minister, must put a tremendous taxation on a man from the standpoint of loneliness. Have you felt that, sir?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I would not want to emphasize that. The first responsibility of a prime minister or of the leader of a national party is not to allow himself to be insulated from reality. I presume that applies throughout all positions of leadership. There is a tendency, not in a sycophantic way, but in a natural way, to tell a person in a position of leadership what is expected will please him. Once

if ever that occurs the decisions arrived at will not be based on a realistic appreciation of public opinion.

Mr. MacLennan: What steps do you take to make sure that doesn't happen?

Mr. Diefenbaker: Anyone around me knows that is my view, and they realize it immediately; it is made perfectly clear to them. In addition to that, I necessarily have certain people whose frankness I have always found helpful—even though sometimes that frankness has not produced the kind of answer that was entirely appreciated by me!

Miss Moon: Mr. Prime Minister, what made you decide to be a lawyer? What attracted you to the profession?

Mr. Diefenbaker: Well, I decided that at a very early age. There was no member of my family who was a lawyer. I never deviated from that course from the time I was eight or nine years of age. There never was any change.

Miss Moon: Was this because of your reading?

Mr. Diefenbaker: I would say so.

Mr. MacLennan: But at nine years of age—that's amazing.

Mr. Diefenbaker: It was a set course and it was never deviated from, never changed. The course was determined for me as a youngster, undeviating and unchanging to the destination.

Mr. MacLennan: From that age on, Mr. Prime Minister, you feel really that you had a compass?

Mr. Diefenbaker: It was all determined for me. I determined myself that that was the thing I was going to do—and I determined that because of my being of mixed racial origin. I am the first prime minister of this country of neither al-

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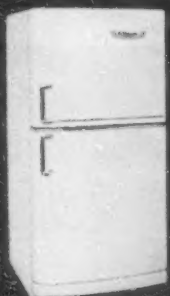
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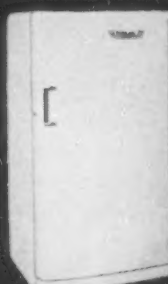
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together English nor French origin. So I determined that that was the thing I was going to do. I never deviated from that course, and I determined to bring about a Canadian citizenship that knew no hyphenated consideration.

At university they used to laugh about this dedication to a certain purpose. I said: "You will never build a Canada on this basis, when every ten years a person has to register on the basis of his paternal origin. You will never build a Canada on that." If you look the records up you will see that I spoke on that at the university. And when I made my first speech in parliament in June of 1940, that was it, and on the 11th of August, 1944, I came back to it again and I said, "This is wrong." I said that those who served in the Canadian Armed Forces with "Canada" on their shoulder-straps, when they came back, were going to have to start to register again according to their racial origin. Mr. Mackenzie King said he would join with me.

I said that I never thought of Roose-

velt as a Dutch-American or General Eisenhower as a German-American or Pershing as a German-American. I said that they were all Americans and that we were building up in Canada this hyphenated citizenship, and I said, "That is what I am going to change."

John W. Daffoe used to take a strong stand on that. His place came to Canada—this is from recollection—around 1690 or 1700, and he had to register every seven years as being Dutch. It was so bad in this country that Edward, Prince of Wales, was an Englishman in Wales but when he arrived at High River, he had to register in Canada as being of German origin.

Well, I never deviated from this purpose. It's the reason I went into public life. That is what I said I was going to do. I'm very happy to be able to say that in the House of Commons today in my party we have members of Italian, Dutch, German, Scandinavian, Chinese and Ukrainian origin—and they are all Canadians. ★



Mike Pearson continued from page 17

"My most poignant memory is of not being able to buy a bike: every boy in the block had one"

you aware of any character who planted in you the desire to either excel or to do well to satisfy your own standards?

Mr. Pearson: I think perhaps my parents, especially my father, who had—not a morbid interest—but a very appealing interest in our work at school. If I did well in Latin grammar at school he got more of a kick out of it, almost, than I did. He didn't worry me if I didn't do well, but he was so obviously interested in the examination results.

Mr. Bannerman: Did you do pretty well?

Mr. Pearson: I did pretty well in the subjects in which I was interested. I was terrible in things like arithmetic.

Miss Moon: Is there any tragedy from your childhood that stands out at all?

Mr. Pearson: No, I don't really think so. The most poignant memory I have is not being able to buy a bicycle. I said we never felt poor, but this was one occasion when all the boys in the block had bicycles and I didn't; and that was pretty hard.

Mr. Bannerman: What bothered you, I presume, was that you were not sort of conforming like the others.

Mr. Pearson: No, I don't think that conformity was as much of a passion in those days as it is now. We weren't exposed to so many mechanisms of propaganda and information, like radio and television, where you are told to be like everybody else. It was simply that I couldn't bike out into the country unless I borrowed somebody's bicycle.

Miss Moon: Mr. Pearson . . . have you, so far as you know, pretty much carried out your parents' precepts in bringing up your own children—or do you consciously differ from them?

Mr. Pearson: Oh, I think we differ from them. I think we tried to establish the same kind of atmosphere but it was so very different. You see when they were young we were over in London in the war. They had to come back here to go to school and they were away from us.

And, then, after the war we moved to embassies and they were back here in school.

Miss Moon: But, in general, you approve of the way your parents brought you up? Would you call it a normal home?

Mr. Pearson: I think it was pretty normal. I think it was abnormal in that in those days you didn't find very many Methodist ministers who had my father's sort of whole-souled joy in living outside the church as well as in the church. He loved sports; he loved curling; he loved bowling; he loved baseball.

Miss Moon: Did being part of a minister's family sometimes tend to turn the family back on itself?

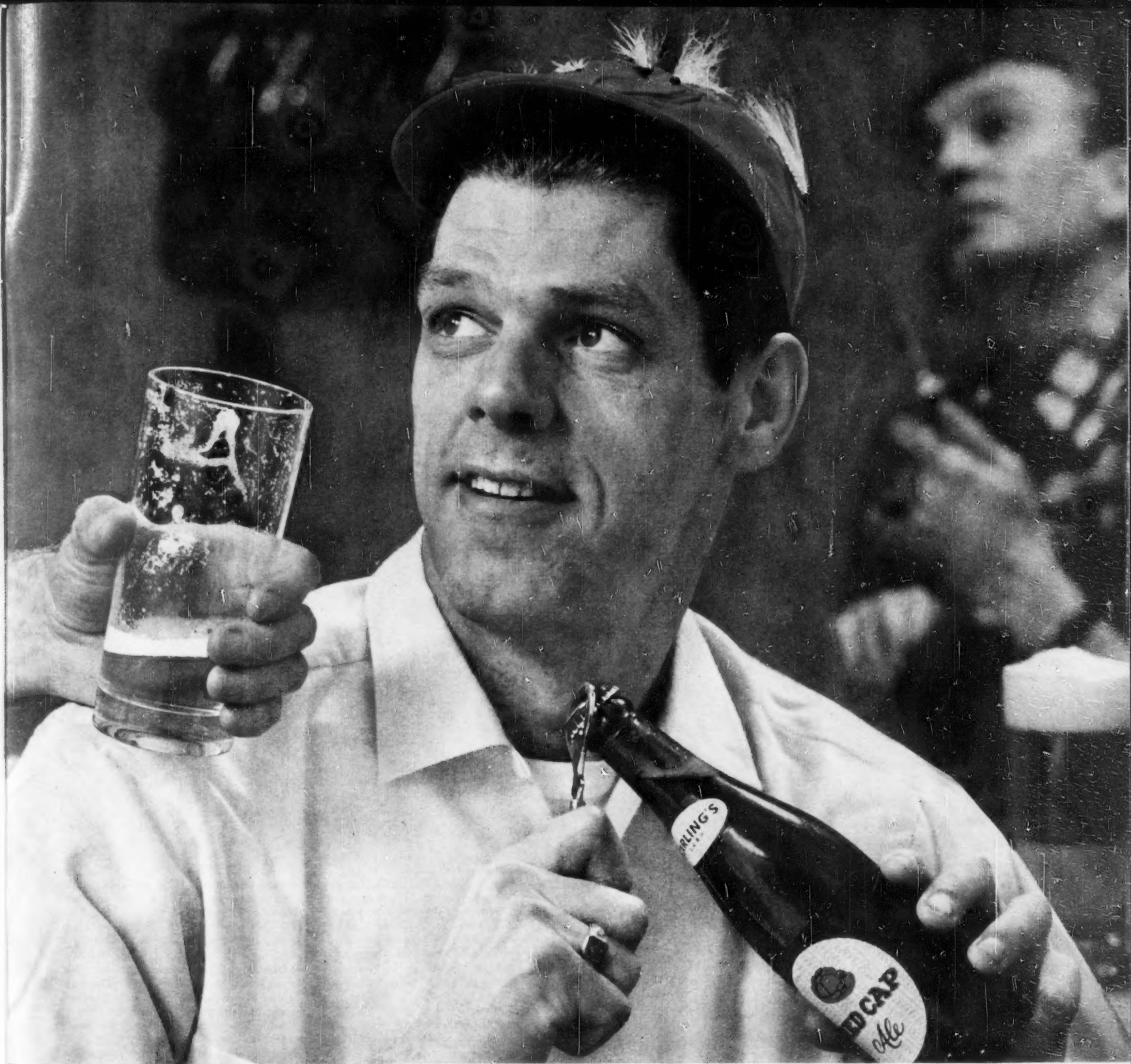
Mr. Pearson: Oh, the minister's kid is always subject to a certain amount of concentrated attention.

Mr. Bannerman: Moving into the area of food, Mr. Pearson; have you any particular favorite dish?

Mr. Pearson: No. Nothing exotic. Poached eggs are the things I like. Whenever I come home tired I ask for poached eggs.

Miss Moon: Let's go on into the whole area of taste then. Did you have enough funds when you were young to go to motion pictures?

Mr. Pearson: They were just beginning then, and they only cost a nickel. The first one I can remember—and I can remember this as if it were yesterday—was in Peterborough about 1907 or 1908. It was a train robbery, of course. We had a maid then, a Barnardo girl. We didn't have to pay much to her except give her a home. She was very religious and when she heard about this she went inside and pulled my brother and me out. She thought we really were exposing ourselves to the devil. My father didn't think movies were good things then. We were only allowed to get into them legitimately when another theatre opened up, and the owner belonged to our church. That made it all right. The first picture I saw there was Ali Baba



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and the Forty Thieves. I remember how we went around behind the Central School, in the playground, and acted it out.

Mr. MacLennan: Do you remember any more mature pictures that have appealed to you?

Mr. Pearson: Yes. One or two in the Twenties. I am thinking of a German picture particularly, about the futility of war, directed by Erich Von Stroheim. It was a great picture.

Mr. MacLennan: But, since then?

Mr. Pearson: I still go to the movies

occasionally. Not so much now since television has come.

Miss Moon: Do you have any favorite TV programs?

Mr. Pearson: Wayne and Shuster are very funny. They were certainly funny the other night. I nearly missed the train going up north because I was determined to see the end of that program . . .

Mr. Bannerman: What about radio?

Mr. Pearson: Oh, I always like Bannerman's talk! I am more selective in radio than in TV. I have a sort of childish weakness to turn on the picture and look

at it, even if it is not worth looking at. I find it hard to turn it off.

Mr. Bannerman: How long have you had TV, Mr. Pearson?

Mr. Pearson: Only a year or so.

Mr. Bannerman: Well, you just wait.

Mr. Pearson: I'm getting to the point now where I get very interested in certain television shows. The ones that irritate me the most are the musical ones, because they can be done better on radio, I think.

Mr. Bannerman: And that brings us to music.

Mr. Pearson: I'm fond of music but I can't say I've got an informed appreciation of it.

Mr. MacLennan: What composers do you like?

Mr. Pearson: Well, the one that I like, if it's records, is Brahms.

Mr. Bannerman: Which of Brahms' music do you prefer—the symphonies or the concertos?

Mr. Pearson: The concertos.

Mr. Bannerman: This brings up opera . . .

Mr. Pearson: Well, I'm not particularly interested in opera. I go when I am in New York because it is a lot easier to go, but I'd rather have a good musical comedy than a bad opera.

Mr. MacLennan: How about comic strips? Do you read the comics?

Mr. Pearson: No I don't. My wife is an avid reader of them, but I just never got around to that.

Mr. MacLennan: I was wondering if you could tell us if there were any books when you were growing up that really had a basic influence on your career?

Mr. Pearson: Yes—and this is a horrible confession to make—but the books that interested me most, and did have a very basic influence on my bent toward teaching and history, were those of G. A. Henty. I'm sure I read every Henty book.

Mr. MacLennan: He was a wonderful storyteller.

Mr. Pearson: I became very conditioned to the past because of the way he told his stories. They covered a lot of history.

Mr. MacLennan: Is there any formal historian's view that appealed to you?

Mr. Pearson: No. I can't think of any particular one. You see, I got into uniform in 1914 when I was seventeen years old and I spent my eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first birthdays in uniform, most of them as a private soldier. Those are the four years in which most men mature through reading and I lost them all. And the two years afterward.

Mr. MacLennan: But the war itself. Did that affect you when you came back?

Mr. Pearson: Well, in my case when I came back, I got a war degree. I only had to go back to college for a few months. Then I decided to study law, and I went down to Osgoode Hall and was articulated to a firm to which my father had once been articulated. (He switched after six months into the church.) I remember the head of the firm, old Mr. McLaughlin, gave me a book which was called *Anson on Contracts*. I read about fifty pages and said: "If I've got to do this for three years, I just can't do it." I went down to Osgoode Hall right afterward and tried to get my fifty dollars back which I paid for entering the college. I got it back, chucked the books, and went and got a job in the packing plant of Armour and Company for a couple of years. Then I went to Oxford.

Mr. MacLennan: Are you interested in fiction at all?

Mr. Pearson: Yes, in those earlier days

when I was at high school. We didn't have a very big library and it was mostly the British classics. Dickens loomed very large in our reading. We read all of his books out loud and that may have given me a certain humanitarian approach to public problems.

Mr. MacLennan: Would you care to name a few novelists whose work has appealed to you in later years?

Mr. Pearson: I haven't done very much reading of that type except the modern novels as they come out. I can't think of any that may have made much impression on me. I haven't really become engaged in the study of Proust, or some good novelist. I read far more biographies.

Mr. MacLennan: Could you talk about some that have impressed you most?

Mr. Pearson: Well, I used to be very interested in the biographies of the nineteenth-century British Victorians. Gladstone, for instance. That gave me a bent toward politics.

Mr. MacLennan: Lincoln, perhaps, too?

Mr. Pearson: Yes, of course.

Miss Moon: Napoleon?

Mr. Pearson: No, I was never very much interested in Napoleon.

Mr. Bannerman: How about Palmerston?

Mr. Pearson: Oh yes—and Melbourne.

Mr. MacLennan: If you could ever get a vacation for three months, and you are in good health but just want to read, what books would you select?

Mr. Pearson: I think in this I could join nearly everybody else in picking the Bible as the first one. Largely because I have never had a chance to study it, though I've read it all my life.

Mr. MacLennan: Are there passages in the Scriptures apart from perhaps reading as a matter of guidance or for a spiritual need that you enjoy for the sheer beauty of language?

Mr. Pearson: Oh, I think the Songs of Solomon.

Mr. Bannerman: Do you find, considered purely as reading, that you are attracted more to the Old Testament than to the New?

Mr. Pearson: It used to be the Old Testament, but now it would be the reverse. But certainly the Bible would be one book that I think almost anybody would want to take on a reading trip. I'd also like to take along a book on some other kind of religion or theology. And I would certainly want to have something about Lincoln with me. He must surely be the man most public men would like to follow. Especially his conquest of failure; you remember what a terrible time he had for five or ten years trying to get elected to anything, and how he failed every time, and the abuse and vilification he took! Any time I get worried reading the *Globe* and *Mail* I think of the things they said about Lincoln when they really didn't pull their verbal punches!

Mr. MacLennan: From what you said of Napoleon, I gather you haven't been interested too much with military memoirs.

Mr. Pearson: Yes . . . I like to read military historians, particularly Liddell Hart. I have talked a lot with him, and I've read, I think, all of his books, and I've become interested in the last year or two in the theory of a limited war. I think he is the best and most readable military author today.

Mr. MacLennan: Can you name any other books you'd take on a holiday?

Mr. Pearson: Well, if I were going away for a month on a holiday . . . I think I would take practically all I could get of Trollope. They are so far removed from the contemporary scene, and so

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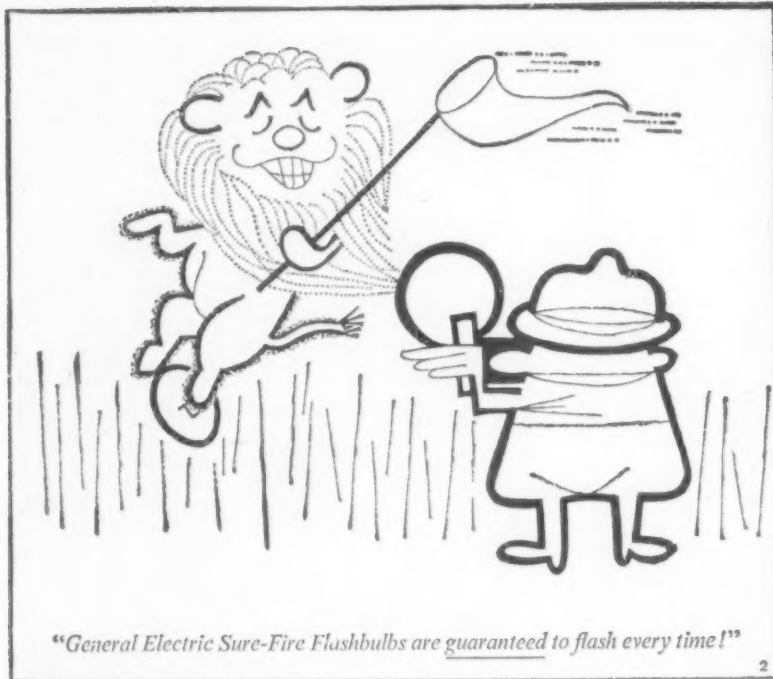


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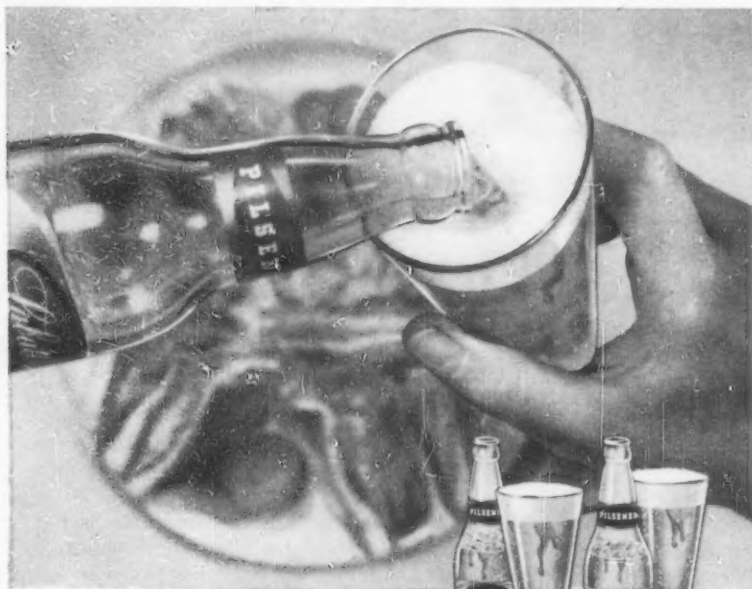
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well written—in an almost childishly clear style. And I think that would be good reading in the present atmosphere. I find now I am reading far too much in books on international affairs, as they come out.

Mr. MacLennan: Let me ask you a personal question about your two years at Oxford. Did you find, as I did, that your time at university in the Old Country made you much more aware of your own country than you had thought you had been before?

Mr. Pearson: Oh, yes. There was never any temptation for me to stay over there. I think it did two things to me: it gave me a chance to recover from the war and it did make me feel very happy about coming back to Canada. My first and abiding impression was that it was the best two years I ever have had or ever will have. It was just perfect! It was a realization of an ambition, a passionate ambition, I always had and that I was certain I could never achieve: to go to Oxford.

I got that ambition because every Christmas, from the age of about six to twelve, my parents gave me a book called Chums. (My brother got The Boys' Own Annual.) It opened up a new sort of life. I thought: "Someday I'll go over there and be a student at Oxford." And then during the war when I was sent back to take my commission from the Mediterranean, I was sent to an officer-cadet battalion at Wadham College at the end of April. And I thought: "If I get through alive (which I didn't really expect) I'm coming back here as a student." It took me about three years.

Miss Moon: Mr. Pearson, are you yourself aware of how you learn your lessons? Some people learn them from books by themselves, some from contact with a single person, some from a concentrated atmosphere. How about you?

Mr. Pearson: I don't know. I think in the last months I've been learning from bitter experience. Trial and error, perhaps.

Mr. Bannerman: You don't systematize your experiences?

Mr. Pearson: No, I don't. I'm not a systematic person. One reason why, perhaps, I'm not systematic is that I've never had—apart from going to Oxford—any special goal that I was determined to achieve. I've never had any desire, any ambition to achieve any particular job.

Miss Moon: Do you yourself have any strong moral feelings that this is or it isn't a good attitude?

Mr. Pearson: Perhaps that goes back to my training. My family would say: "Well now, the Lord will provide; don't worry if you can't have milk tomorrow; you can have buttermilk. If you can't be the first in your class, be second: don't worry about that, everything will work out — there's a Divinity." I don't like to say that I haven't a goal; I like to do every job I am given as well as I can. But I've never had a goal in the sense of a position I wanted. Not having that kind of passionate desire makes me very impatient of some people who have, because I think it leads to intolerance.

Mr. Bannerman: What do you think of the dictum that power corrupts?

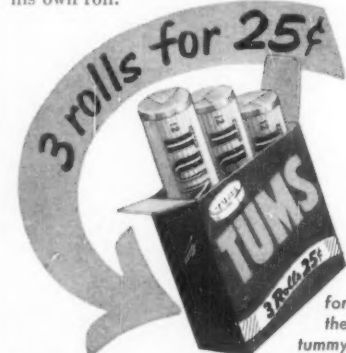
Mr. Pearson: Oh, I've heard it so many times that perhaps it doesn't make any impact on me. I think it probably applies to most people and to most situations. But there are lots of people who have not exemplified it in history. Take Abraham Lincoln. He must have had some driving ambition because he kept trying and trying and trying, and yet he never gave the impression of ruthless determination, and it certainly didn't corrupt him when he got it.

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Mr. MacLennan: I believe, as I get older, that life becomes very mysterious and one has to learn to listen inwardly every now and then and certainly not be sure one understands what destiny is.

Mr. Pearson: My own career, perhaps, is an illustration of that, because I have never had any conscious influence, let alone determination, over events. It's been accidental. I was teaching happily at the university here without any desire to leave. My last year there I was coaching the football and the hockey teams; and with that additional income to my historian lectures I was doing all right. It was a pure accident that I went to Ottawa to do some research on the United Empire Loyalists and ran into Dr. Skelton. And he said, "Why don't you come down here and join the Department of External Affairs?"

Miss Moon: What was the temptation there that made you go?

Mr. Pearson: Oh, I was teaching diplomatic history and all that, and it was sort of exciting to be associated with the new foreign office.

Mr. MacLennan: Would you care to tell us anything about your working habits?

Mr. Pearson: I'm not, as my secretary will tell you perhaps, a very systematic worker. If I'm writing a speech, after about fifteen minutes I'm inclined to get bored with that speech and switch to correspondence and when I get bored with that, to pick up a memorandum. I tend to move around from one thing to another but I get most things done on time.

Miss Moon: Are you a riser at seven-thirty?

Mr. Pearson: Yes, I get up early and I like to get down to the office around half past eight.

Miss Moon: Do you work at night?

Mr. Pearson: I bring stuff home to read.

Miss Moon: When do you find you work most effectively?

Mr. Pearson: When I'm home.

Mr. MacLennan: When you go to bed, can you sleep?

Mr. Pearson: I certainly can.

Mr. MacLennan: You can close the doors on the problems?

Mr. Pearson: Yes. I always take some kind of reading with me that has nothing to do with what I am working on. I like looking at a television play, or a wild-west picture. I like reading some detective stories, that kind of thing. I like reading a sports magazine. It is so far removed from what I'm doing that I get relaxation from it.

Mr. Bannerman: Do you find it a problem to get the time to be by yourself and simply think?

Mr. Pearson: Oh, yes! Just look what I've got to do in the days ahead. I've got to make three or four speeches every day from now on. How can you do them decently? I haven't a prime-ministerial staff working on these things. This is an exceptional situation, but even in Ottawa the men who have responsibility are given no time to think. Isn't this one of the great dangers of our approach to problems?

Mr. Bannerman: It seems to me one of the imminent dangers of all public men of prominence nowadays is that they just don't have time to reflect.

Mr. Pearson: I went away for four days last week to work on some of these economic ideas without anybody bothering me, and I got very badly criticized by some of the people for leaving at that moment.

Miss Moon: Do you find that, in your position, you have moments of loneliness?

Mr. Pearson: Well, I'm becoming lonelier now. I think when you get more re-

sponsibility you're off more on your own and there is nothing you can do about it.

Miss Moon: You find that you are thrown on your own resources?

Mr. Pearson: It is part of the price you pay for increased responsibility. I don't want to appear pompous again, but as you approach the summit, there is not so much room for other people to be with you and you become a little frightened because so many of them want to be with you for their own reasons. So you cling to a few people whose friendship has been tested—and then you get criticized because you have a little group and you're not paying enough attention to the others.

Miss Moon: Do you react to personal criticism?

Mr. Pearson: Oh, I don't like it but I take it pretty well. A great friend of mine came to me when I was going into politics ten years ago, and said, "Don't do it. You will have the most awful time. You're too thin-skinned. You've never been exposed to criticism. Everything has come easy to you. You've been happy—you've been lucky. Now, all your life you're going to have a terrible time: don't do it!" He's told me since that he thought he was mistaken. I've had some rough times: the Suez situation, and then the Norman case, and the present situation. I don't like criticism of course—but I don't mind it too much. It's supposed to be good for your soul, you know!

Miss Moon: It doesn't stampede you in any particular direction?

Mr. Pearson: No. Perhaps it worries those who are close to me: my friends, my wife, and my mother.

Miss Moon: Have you got a temper, Mr. Pearson?

Mr. Pearson: Oh, I think perhaps I have. My people are Irish, you know. My mother's people came from Tipperary and were inclined to be hot-tempered. But I seldom burst out. Maybe I will in the weeks ahead.

Miss Moon: It doesn't cause you any trouble—keeping your temper under control?

Mr. Pearson: No, probably because I know that it could get me into so much trouble.

Mr. MacLennan: Do you feel able to cope with the fact that so many people who feel aggression for private reasons always tend to take it out on the statesmen and on the leaders? Are you able to handle these quite irrational attacks that seem to be personal but, of course, are not? Does it bother you?

Mr. Pearson: The thing that angers me most is the misrepresentation of motives. Misrepresentation of facts is a human failing. I don't get too upset about that. But misrepresentation about motives does make me pretty angry because at least you should know your own motives.

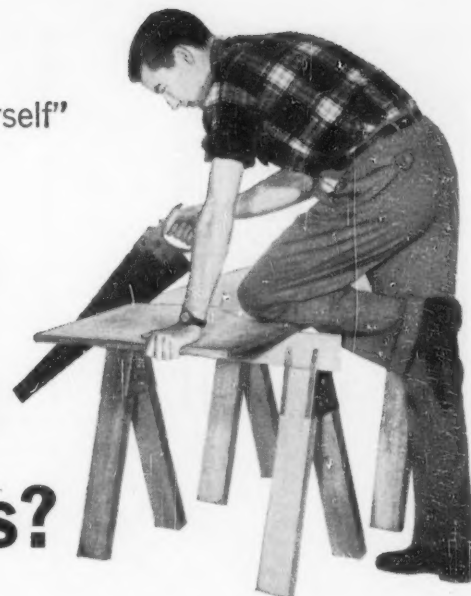
Miss Moon: One last question, Mr. Pearson: what else do you think, ideally, you might have been qualified for? What do you think you might have done well if you hadn't reached your present situation?

Mr. Pearson: I think I would have been a good manager of a major-league baseball team! It is something that I would have loved to have done. I was never a great baseball player; I got mixed up now and then with my brother who really was, and who could have gone on to the big league. But I loved everything about baseball, and I still do. (I can tell you the batting averages for all the top people last summer and next summer.) Yes, I would have loved to have taken on the job of a big-league manager. ★

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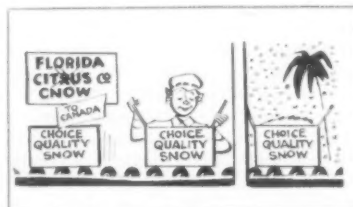
Things that go bump in the night

A farmer near Edgerton, Alta., found a good hired man just as spring arrived, but the new man and his wife almost moved out after one night in the house assigned them. Wakened by a terrible crash in the kitchen they discovered the cistern pump shaking in its mounting. As they watched there was a great groaning and grinding and pump and pipe shot up to the ceiling. When the poor fellow tried to haul it down, some mighty force shot it back up again. His wife was sure the place was haunted, until he and the farmer went down cellar by daylight to investigate.

It seems the house had been vacant and unheated all winter and a foot of water left in the basement cistern had frozen solid. Before the new couple moved in, the cistern was filled with melting snow and the pump pipe installed. With heat on again in the house the ice block in the bottom of the cistern loosened, let go and floated upward—and the kitchen pump began its midnight capers.

An Ottawa woman was waiting for a streetcar at Queen and Elgin when a strange man tapped her on the shoulder and asked, "Going down Rideau?" She thought it was a pickup but it turned out the stranger was really a good Samaritan. "I just got off the Riverdale bus," the fellow said. "Here's my transfer."

What season was it this winter, where you live? This advertisement appeared in The Pass Herald, at Blairmore, Alta.: "Wanted: Snow for the Blairmore Winter Carnival. Apply to: The Blairmore Winter Carnival Committee before January



31st." And about the same time a Canadian couple vacationing in Miami, along with several thousand other shivering northerners, saw a suit of long winter underwear displayed in a store window beside a card reading, "For Rent."

We don't know anybody anywhere who has been awaiting spring more impatiently than a housewife in Hatzic, in B.C.'s Fraser Valley. The story began last summer when she was watering her plants and spied a small frog in a pot of ivy in her living room. She dumped the frog

out on the lawn, but next day it was back. Twice more she tried to banish it before she discovered it went in and out every night anyway, squeezing under the door. Last fall the friendly frog vanished. The housewife has missed it, hopes it has only been hibernating for the winter, and that spring will bring it back.

At a recent parent-teacher meeting in Victoria a dentist gave a talk about the effects of sweet food on the teeth, which



favorably impressed everybody but the refreshment committee. During the social hour the sandwiches and coffee disappeared but the cake went untouched.

A Parade scout, who recently shared a Portage Avenue bus with a number of people including a policeman, is delighted to report that the Winnipeg constabulary is ever watchfully on guard even while riding home to dinner. When the bus driver had difficulty pulling into a corner stop because of an illegally parked car the cop got off and hung a ticket on it, then resumed his journey.

Way back during wartime three soldiers from Kirkland Lake, Ont., went horseback riding while home on leave. When they encountered three girls out walking, the three musketeers pulled up and gaily suggested that the girl who was carrying a camera take their picture. She did and that's all there was to it—honest; the soldiers just rode off into the sunset and never saw any of the girls again—until the other night. One of the ex-soldiers was going over a snapshot album with his wife, whom he met and married after his return from the wars, and suddenly spotted three men on three horses. "Who's that?" he demanded, frowning. "Oh, just three jerks I took a picture of during the war," explained his wife airily—till she suddenly took a good look at the snapshot and another unbelieving look at the jerk beside her.

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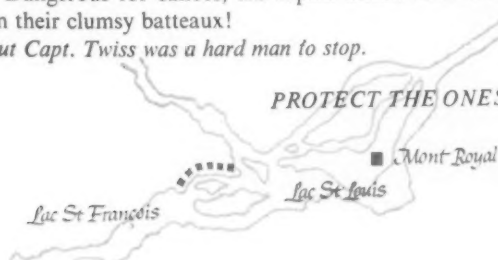
He conquered the St. Lawrence with a shovel

CAPT. WILLIAM TWISS, Royal Engineers, was a hard man to stop. In 1788, alarmed by the terrible loss of lives and supplies on the St. Lawrence, Governor-General Haldimand ordered him to "find a safe route past the rapids or colonists will not venture into the interior of Canada!"

Capt. Twiss didn't find this route. He built it—with the first lock canal in North America!

The Cedars, Cascades and Coteau du Lac rapids, between lakes St. Louis and St. Francis, turned the silver-blue St. Lawrence into a foaming passage to peril. Jagged rocks bared their broken teeth in a grimacing invitation to disaster. Dangerous for canoes, the rapids meant almost certain death for settlers in their clumsy batteaux!

But Capt. Twiss was a hard man to stop.



With a crew of former Cornish miners, he dug into the rocky shoreline and stripped from it a sliver of stone 7 feet wide and 2½ feet deep. Capt. Twiss strung a chain of tiny locks along this canal to lift the heavy batteaux and carry them safely on their way to Canada's interior.

Many years later, the Beauharnois canal replaced Capt. Twiss' route. Today, the gigantic St. Lawrence Seaway also follows in his footsteps.

Through the years, men like Capt Twiss have worked for the safety and security of Canadians. Today, for example, your Confederation Life man devotes his entire career to building security for *you* and your family. Quietly, constantly, he is working to build a better, more secure future for *all*—the Confederation Life way!

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